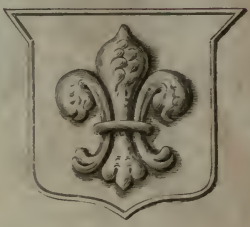

Robert Dymond.

Bolton Hall.

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CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD.

CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD,

A NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Idole d'un cœur pur, & public du Sage,
Amitié, que ton nom foutienne cet ouvrage;
Règne dans mes écrits, mais que dans mon cœur,
Tu n'appris à connoître, à fentir, le bonheur.

VOLTAIRE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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[Montolieu, Isabelle, baronne de]

CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD;

A NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Idole d'un cœur juste, & passion du Sage,
Amitié, que ton nom soutienne cet ouvrage;
Règne dans mes écrits, ainsi que dans mon cœur,
Tu m'appris à connoître, à sentir, le bonheur.

VOLTAIRE.

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CAROLINE

OF

LICHTFIELD.

"ALL my rage instantly vanished. I "cast the murderous pistol from "me; and, running up to my friend, en- "deavoured, with my handkerchief, to stop "the blood that bubbled from the wound. "One ball had struck him on the face, and, "he said, he thought he felt a wound in "the knee, but was convinced that neither "of them were mortal. I dragged him to "the tree, and placed him against it, where "I gave him all the succour in my power;

" for I was ſo totally beſide myſelf that I " had even forgot the farm, which was not " forty paces diſtant. I remembered not " ſo much as the cauſe of this miſerable " affair; at that moment of horror the " danger of Walſtein was all I remem- " bered: I kneeled behind him; he leaned " againſt my breaſt, and, notwithſtanding " the univerſal tremor of my limbs, I " bound up his wound with our two hand- " kerchiefs.

" No ſooner had I finiſhed than recollec- " tion ſuddenly returned. " Oh God," " ſaid I, " Wretch! accurſed wretch that " I am! it is I who have committed this " dreadful, this murderous act." My groans " could not find utterance. I hid my face " in the duſt, and added nothing but inar- " ticulate cries and exclamations.

" Lindorf,"

"Lindorf," said the poor wounded Wal-
"stein, "Dear Lindorf, be calm, listen to
"me. There is one way, still, of repair-
"ing your wrongs, of preserving, nay, even,
"of augmenting my friendship. Yes,
"dearer shall you be to me than ever, if
"you will pledge your honour to perform
"what I am going to request."

"I had no doubt but it was to renounce
"Louisa, but the atrocious crime I had
"committed had wrought so instant a re-
"volution in my feelings that I did not
"hesitate a moment to promise, by the
"most sacred oaths, to perform all he
"should require.

"Well, then," said the most generous
"of men, "I require, absolutely, without
"reserve, that this affair, for ever, remain

" a ſecret between you and I; happily,
" no one has ſeen us; let me tell the ſtory
" my own way; and, beware, Lindorf,
" how thou contradicteſt me. Thou haſt
" ſworn, and, I repeat, on this condition,
" only, can I pardon and love thee ſtill. A
" ſole word will for ever deprive you of
" my friendſhip."

" I would have ſpoken, but ſobs and
" groans prevented me. I could only take
" his hand and preſs it to my heart, which
" was rent by the moſt cruel remorſe. In
" deſpite of all my cares the wound con-
" tinued to bleed; Walſtein, with my aid,
" endeavoured to riſe, but he ſoon per-
" ceived the wound in his knee was much
" worſe than he had ſuppoſed. One of the
" balls had taken a different direction, and,
" we feared, the knee-pan was wounded,
" for

" for he could not bear the leaſt weight on " it, but again ſunk down on the ground.

" I deteſted, I curſed, I prayed, I al- " moſt ſhrieked with agony, I proſtrated " myſelf at the feet of my friend, while he " continued to yield me every conſola- " tion.

" At laſt, ſaid he, " go to the farm, " and endeavour to get aſſiſtance; you " will there find a proof that I was not, as " you have ſuppoſed, the baſeſt of men. " Go, but remember your oath; if you " break it, I never will ſee you more."

" I could not reply, but ran to the " farm, and, as I precipitately entered, " immediately beheld an explanation of " the conduct of Walſtein, and irrefragable

" reaſons for holding my own in ſtill more
" utter, more damnable abhorrence! O!
" pardon—Mine was the guilt of fiends!
" The ſhepherd, Juſtin, new clothed, was
" ſeated beſide Louiſa, holding one of her
" hands between his, while ſhe was leaning
" on his ſhoulder, and looking up at him
" with every ſpeaking ſenſation that ten-
" derneſs and happineſs could inſpire. The
" old man, Joſſelin, ſat oppoſite to them,
" contemplating a ſcene ſo affecting to the
" heart, and holding the purſe the Count
" had given Louiſa, and which I had ſup-
" poſed the price of her diſhonour. On
" the table was another, equally large.
" Every circumſtance was a dagger to my
" heart, and, inſenſate as I had been, de-
" voured by paſſion, I can ſolemnly atteſt
" that remorſe, bitter, inexpreſſible, and al-
" moſt intolerable, was the only feeling of
" which I was conſcious, or capable.

" Oh!

"Oh! my friends," ſaid I, as I entered; "come with me, fly to ſuccour the Count; "he is here, juſt by, wounded; come, in- "ſtantly." My ſudden appearance, my "paleneſs, the blood on my clothes, and "the intelligence I brought, were each a "ſubject of terror.—"Good God!" ex- "claimed Louiſa and Juſtin, "our dear "benefactor wounded!"

"I led them to the place where I had "left the Count. Pain, and the loſs of "blood, had ſo enfeebled him that he was "almoſt inſenſible. Louiſa ran for water, "and vinegar. He came a little to him- "ſelf, and, with difficulty, related that a "piſtol, with which he had been amuſing "himſelf, having burſt as he fired it, had "occaſioned all this diſaſter, and that my "coming by was the effect of chance.

" It was neceſſary to bear him to the " Chateau, and Juſtin flew to the farm, " and brought back a kind of hurdle, and " a mattreſs, on which he was laid. Juſtin, " in the prime of youth, and animated by " gratitude, not, like me, weighed down " by guilt, was moſt uſeful and active. " Louiſa and her aged father gave us all " the aſſiſtance in their power, and we " began our march. It was long, and " moſt painful; and, as we proceeded, ſe- " veral things that Juſtin and Louiſa ſaid " to each other gave me to underſtand they " had long been lovers, and that the " Count, that very day, had removed every " obſtacle to their union, by giving Juſtin " a conſiderable farm, at his eſtate of Wal- " ſtein, under the ſole condition that they " ſhould marry, immediately depart, and " that Joſſelin ſhould go with them.

" Criminal,

" Criminal, indeed, moſt criminal, did " this relation make me; but my paſſion " for Louiſa was ſo perfectly cured by this " dreadful event, that I heard, even with " a kind of horrid pleaſure, ſhe was to be " gone, and that I ſhould ſee her no more!

" We arrived, at length, at the Chateau; " and the hurdle being placed in the hall, " and ſervants called to aſſiſt, my firſt care " was to take a horſe, and ride, with all " poſſible ſpeed, to the next town in ſearch " of ſurgeons. It was more than three " leagues diſtant. I made, however, ſo " much haſte that I returned with them " by duſk. I found every perſon in the " moſt fearful conſternation. The manner in " which my father received me, tenderly em- " bracing me, melting in tears, and praiſing " my zeal, proved that he was totally igno-

" rant of the part I had had in this dread-
" ful affair. His despair was such that, had
" he known it, he certainly could not have
" survived such tenfold addition of misery.
" The recollection of this, more than my
" oath, kept me silent; but I may truly say
" the silence was a burthen to my heart, and
" that nothing could so effectually have
" given it ease as to have proclaimed my
" guilt, and thus have rendered me as de-
" testable to the whole world as I was to
" myself.

" The surgeon, after the operation of
" extracting the balls, and probing the
" wounds of Walstein, declared they were
" not mortal, but that, it was to be feared,
" he would lose one eye, and the use of his
" leg; and they even spoke of amputation.
" The Count, who somewhat doubted of

" their

" their ſkill, reſolutely oppoſed this, and
" ſuſtained, with fortitude almoſt incredible,
" the dreſſing of the wounds, and the afflict-
" ing intelligence they had communicated.
" I could not ſupport being preſent; but,
" when the ſurgeons had done, I again en-
" tered his chamber, and ſolemnly ſwore
" never to quit it but in company with
" Walſtein. I know not how it happened
" that my exceſſive grief did not betray our
" ſecret. It was, indeed, moſt profound.
" My tears flowed continually; while the
" ſuffering victim of my hateful crime, un-
" ceaſingly, endeavoured to calm and com-
" fort me. He ſaid, and proteſted, that he
" looked on the event as fortunate; that
" his inclination and abilities had always
" rather led him to ſtudy than to a mili-
" tary life; that he had devoted himſelf to
" the latter in obedience to his father and

" his King; and that he ſhould be exceed-
" ingly glad of ſo fair a pretext to forſake
" it, and yield to his love of literature and
" political and legiſlative reſearches. " Be-
" ſide," added he, " you are now cured of
" your paſſion; the remedy, it is true, has
" been ſomewhat violent, but it has had its
" effect, and I moſt unfeignedly return
" Heaven thanks for all that has paſſed."

" Yes, it had had its effects; but I ſhould
" ill deſerve the ſublime friendſhip of Wal-
" ſtein if I did not lament and execrate them
" everlaſtingly. I was cured of my love;
" for, three weeks after this misfortune had
" happened, I heard, without the leaſt emo-
" tion, unleſs it were an emotion of joy,
" from the mouth of Juſtin, who came eve-
" ry day to inquire concerning the health
" of his benefactor, that he had married
" Louiſa,

" Louisa, and that they were ready to de-
" part for their new habitation.

" The Count now entered circumstan-
" tially on that subject: delicacy had, hither-
" to, kept him silent; but, solicited by me,
" he informed me that the morrow after the
" visit we had together paid at the farm,
" alarmed by the violence of my passion,
" he most seriously reflected on the means of
" avoiding effects so fatal; that his serjeant
" brought him a young man whom he had
" just enlisted; this was the poor Justin;
" his handsome person, intelligent coun-
" tenance, and profound melancholy, gained
" the attention of the Count, and he ques-
" tioned him concerning what induced him
" to enlist. The sincere and simple Justin
" did not endeavour to disguise his motives.
" —Passionately enamoured of Louisa, her

" lover

" lover for ſeveral years, but without the
" leaſt ray of hope, rejected by Joſſelin,
" menaced by Fritz, he wiſhed only to die;
" but he wiſhed to die like a brave fellow,
" combating the enemies of his King.——
" I ſhould die all the ſame," ſaid he, " with
" grief, at ſeeing Louiſa the wife of ano-
" ther; and this misfortune muſt be mine,
" for her father has ſworn I ſhall never be
" her huſband."

" The Count aſked him if he were be-
" loved by Louiſa. " To be ſure, I cer-
" tainly am," anſwered he; " if I were not,
" I might not, perhaps, have been true to
" her for ſo long a time. But, poor dear
" Louiſa! I yeſterday ſaw her never to ſee
" her again, and we both wept ſo much
" at parting that we thought we ſhould have
" died with grief."

" I recol-

"I recollect, dear Lindorf," said the "Count, "that when you first took me "to see Louisa her melancholy struck us "both."

"But, I hope," continued Justin, "that, "when I am gone, Louisa will be less un- "happy; her father and her brother, in "particular, ill treat her every day on my "account; and that is the reason why I am "determined to become a soldier. I wish, "indeed indeed I do, she may forget me; "but her I shall never forget; no never "never to my dying day."

"Walstein was extremely affected by "the sincerity, honest intentions, and pas- "sion of Justin; and, instantly, conceived "the project of rendering two lovers happy, "and rescuing me from the worst of dan-

"gers.

" gers. He mentioned nothing of his inten-
" tions to Juſtin, being firſt deſirous to
" ſpeak to Louiſa and know if he had told
" him the exact truth. He went twice to
" the farm before he could find her alone,
" but watched his opportunity ſo well that
" at laſt he ſpoke to her in private. He
" had little difficulty in bringing her to
" confeſs her love for Juſtin; her heart
" was full of nothing elſe; and ſhe had
" done nothing but weep ſince he had en-
" liſted. She was deſirous of recommend-
" ing him to the Count; and, therefore,
" glad of finding him alone, ſhe told him
" their love for each other had commenced
" long before the death of her mother;
" that ever ſince ſhe had each day gone to
" meet him at the paſturage, and Juſtin
" had taught himſelf to play on the flageolet,
" purpoſely that he might not only give her

" the

" the ſignal to come and join him, but ac-
" company her likewiſe when ſhe ſung.
" To gain her favour, alſo, he had learned
" to make baſket-work, ſpinning-wheels,
" bobbins, to twine the oſier, and to carve
" in wood. Louiſa ſhewed the Count two
" little groups of his ſculpture exceedingly
" well carved, the one repreſenting Louiſa,
" and the other Juſtin himſelf, ſeated at
" her feet; both the figures were ſufficiently
" like to be known. In another carving,
" ſtill better executed, the young ſhepherd
" was combating a large wolf; for it was
" for the ſake of Louiſa, alſo, that he had
" firſt given proofs of his courage, by kil-
" ling the wolf which was bearing off one
" of the ſheep of Joſſelin.

" How might the tender and grateful
" Louiſa refuſe yielding her heart to him
" who

" who so well had merited the gift! " Yes,
" my Lord," said she, to the Count, with
" all the enthusiasm of sensibility, " I love
" him with my whole soul, and shall for
" ever love him, though I never should see
" him more.—One hope, alas, we had, one
" sole hope. I often said to Justin, when
" he bewailed his poverty, " be comforted,
" dear Justin, only wait till our young mas-
" ter returns, he will speak for us to his
" father, and, I am well persuaded, will
" have us married. Our young master is
" returned, but—

" Louisa stopped—" Finish what you
" had to say," said the Count.—" I very
" well perceive," said she, blushing, and
" looking down, " I was wrong; and I
" should even be very sorry, at present, if
" he knew I loved Justin; for my brother
" has

" has assured me he would kill him, imme-
" diately. When Justin is out of his
" reach, I then will tell him, the first time
" I see him; and, if he wishes to kill one
" of us, let it be me."

" Walstein comforted Louisa, promised
" her she should soon be happy, that Justin
" belonged to him, at present; he might
" dispose of him, and he would make him
" the husband of Louisa. Scarcely could
" she believe what she heard, and the very
" hope appeared but like a dream. Wal-
" stein, however, assured her it should be
" realized, immediately, for that he had
" spoken to Justin, and that he would di-
" rectly speak to Josselin.

" It was that very day, dear Lindorf,"
" continued the Count, " when, after
" having

" having arranged every thing with the " young ſhepherd, after having enjoyed " the pureſt of pleaſures, and ſpoken to " Joſſelin concerning the marriage of his " children, that I found you kneeling to " Louiſa. The poor girl, conſcious of " what I had been doing, and who was " waiting for me with all the impatience of " love, was exceedingly aſhamed of being " ſurpriſed with you in that manner. I " confeſs, I, alſo, was diſconcerted, inſo- " much that I ſcarcely could conceal my " feelings; which, perhaps, firſt gave riſe " to your ſuſpicions. I myſelf was not free " from them; I was fearful leſt Louiſa had " deceived both Juſtin and me; leſt you " and ſhe underſtood each other; and, " anxious to know the truth, queſtioned " you. Your anſwer was but half ſatisfac- " tory; it, however, convinced me of the

" great

" great danger you were in, and that, at all
" events, it was neceſſary to tear from you
" the object of that paſſion to which you
" were ready to ſacrifice every moral duty.
" You may remember, Lindorf, I, in part,
" informed you of the love of Juſtin for
" Louiſa; imagining that, perhaps, your
" paſſion would decreaſe if you knew the
" love of Louiſa was divided. Had you
" received this intelligence with more mo-
" deration, I then ſhould have told you all;
" but your phrenzy was too viſible. Rea-
" ſon had loſt every hold over your mind,
" and your actions had ſomewhat convul-
" ſive about them that made me ſhudder.
" I ſaw this was not the proper opportunity
" to proceed further. I had ſaid too much,
" and all I had to do was to ſmother the
" fire I had kindled.

" I, there-

" I, therefore, endeavoured to calm your " mind, bring you to yourſelf, and promiſed " to make farther inquiries; hoping, there- " by, to gain time for Louiſa and Juſtin to " depart, and thus prevent your raſh pro- " ject of marriage or elopement. In order " to haſten the wedding, I went the next " morning to Joſſelin; after having told you " where I was going, purpoſely that you " might not come and interrupt our con- " verſation. I was alone with Louiſa only " for a moment, but this was enough to " convince me of the wrong I had done " her, by ſuſpecting any concerted treachery " between her and you. The idea had tor- " mented her all night, and her inquietude, " grief, and ingenuous anſwers removed " every remaining doubt.

" She left the room as her father entered. " I ſpoke firſt of my recruits; and, taking

" out the liſt, read over their names. When " I came to that of Juſtin, I ſaw the old " man was highly pleaſed.——" Ah!" ſaid " he, " is that knave enliſted? Heaven be " praiſed! We ſhall now be rid of him."

" Knave! what knave, Joſſelin?" ſaid I. " I will have no knaves in my regiment; " and I will give him his diſcharge."

" Oh! do not do ſo, by any means, my " Lord," replied Joſſelin. To be ſure, I " ought to ſpeak with more reſpect before " you, and not have called him a knave, " for there is not an honeſter lad in the " whole village, nor is the King himſelf a " braver fellow. He will make nothing of " killing you a wolf, you may ſuppoſe then " what he would do with a man; and you " cannot have a better ſoldier; but, to tell

" you

" you the truth," added he, lowering his
" voice, " he has taken it into his head to
" fall in love with our Louiſa, and the poor
" little fool, with conſent or without con-
" ſent, would fain marry him; a fellow
" without a ſhilling, educated by charity;
" but, no, I would rather follow her to the
" grave. God be praiſed! He muſt, now,
" ſoon leave the country, and I hope we
" ſhall never hear of him more. And,
" yet, it is a pity too; for he took great
" care of all our flocks; he ſaved me a fine
" ſheep; and the lad wants neither courage
" nor ingenuity.——If it was not for that
" deviliſh love."

" And do you not wiſh to marry Louiſa,
" to conſole her for the abſence of Juſtin?"

" Ah! would to Heaven ſhe was mar-
" ried. Girls are nothing but torment. I

" no

" no ſooner find myſelf relieved, on one " hand, than I am attacked, on the other. " Our young Baron is always haunting, " now, about the houſe: ſo long as ſhe had " her Juſtin ſhe was well guarded. I did not " ſtand on ceremony with him; but, at pre- " ſent, I do not know what may happen; " for I cannot forbid my young maſter my " houſe as I did Juſtin; and, then, one can- " not always be at home. I ſhould be happy " if I could but ſee her once well ſettled, " but there is not the leaſt appearance of it. " The people of our village are all poor, " and Louiſa is not rich."

" Well, Joſſelin, if you conſent, I myſelf " will marry her to one of my farmers; an " honeſt young man and above want. He " poſſeſſes a good graſs farm, on my eſtate " at Walſtein; ſome days journey from this

" place; larger, I believe, than this of " yours; and, as I eſteem him very much, " I will give him a purſe of fifty ducats, on " the wedding day, and as much to your " daughter, to defray the expence of the " nuptials, and begin houſe-keeping. If " you think this a proper match ſay ſo, and " it is a bargain."

" Joſſelin, all amazement, would have " fallen proſtrate. " A proper match! my " Lord," ſaid he; " I cannot forbear weep- " ing with joy and gratitude. All my fear " is leſt he ſhould not fancy Louiſa; and if " he ſhould hear of her love for Juſtin"—

" Fear nothing, he will not be jealous. " Juſtin is his friend, and the more Louiſa " ſhall love her huſband the happier will " Juſtin be."

" The

" The good old Joſſelin opened his eyes, " ſtaring, as it were, after the meaning of " what I had ſaid. An explanation, there- " fore, was neceſſary; and this threw him " into ſtill greater aſtoniſhment. But he " the more joyfully confirmed his conſent " becauſe his daughter, by this means, " would be happy.

" The only thing I ſtipulated for was " that they ſhould immediately depart for " my farm; and to this there was no objec- " tion. Joſſelin propoſed even to remove " himſelf, and live with his children. I " deſired him to inform Louiſa of what had " paſſed, and left him to go down to the vil- " lage. I there gave Juſtin his diſcharge, " ſigned the gift of the farm, and left him " the purſe of fifty ducats which I had pro- " miſed. After this I returned to you.

" Your air and manner, ſometimes abſent,
" ſometimes agitated, ſentences half pro-
" nounced, and the diſappearance of Fritz,
" who had been away from the caſtle all night
" and all day; theſe, collectively, made me
" fear you had concerted ſome project; the
" execution of which might, perhaps, be
" more prompt than I ſuſpected.

" I reſolved, therefore, to haſten the mar-
" riage, and the departure of the young
" people, as much as poſſible; and, for this
" purpoſe, I again returned to the farm.
" This was the only injunction I had to lay
" on them, for the benefits already con-
" ferred, and the purſe I intended to pre-
" ſent to Louiſa.

" What followed, dear Lindorf, I need
" not relate. You know how much you

" were

" were deceived by appearances. Louiſa
" had been, all the day, at the village with a
" relation, in order, moſt likely, to avoid
" another viſit from you. Her father, im-
" patient to inform her of her happineſs,
" had gone in ſearch of her. They had
" met the happy Juſtin, who came along
" with them; he had ſhewn them all his
" treaſure. A boy, whom I had ſent in
" ſearch of Louiſa, told her I was waiting
" for her; ſhe, unable to repreſs the firſt
" emotions of her joy, ran, out of breath,
" to teſtify her gratitude in the manner by
" which you were ſo cruelly deceived.

" Yes, Lindorf, I can imagine myſelf in
" your place, during this terrible moment;
" can ſuppoſe all the dreadful ideas and
" ſenſations by which you were aſſaulted.
" Surely, you cannot doubt, then, that I

" can forgive you. A little more openneſs
" on my part, a little leſs paſſion on yours,
" and this misfortune had never happened;
" and, let me add, it will be no real miſ-
" fortune to me ſo long as you ſhall remain
" unſuſpected of being in any manner an
" acceſſary."

" This recital was made at various times,
" as his ſtrength permitted, and continually
" excited in my boſom the moſt painful
" remorſe. I liſtened, and, in my turn, in-
" formed the Count how entirely that vile
" fellow Fritz had deceived me. I never
" ſaw him ſince the fatal day on which he
" diſappeared from the chateau, and I
" learned from his father he had liſted for
" a ſoldier; ſince when I have never heard
" of him more.

" The

"The day after these fearful events, my "father thought it his duty to go himself "to Berlin and inform the King; and, "leaving Walstein to my care, he under- "took this melancholy journey. The King "was most sensibly affected when he was "told, and immediately sent his own sur- "geons to Ronebourg, informing my fa- "ther he would come himself as soon as "Walstein should be out of danger. The "surgeons of Berlin confirmed all the others "had said; except that they hoped the "wound of the knee would be less preju- "dicial than had been supposed, and that "the Count might preserve his leg, though "he certainly would be somewhat lame.

"I had a bed brought into his chamber, "never leaving him a moment day or "night, and incessantly endeavouring, by

" attention and care, to prove how deeply
" I repented; and Walſtein ſeemed as ſen-
" ſible of, and as grateful for, theſe my
" attentions as if I had not been the perſon
" who occaſioned him to ſtand in need of
" them. To amuſe and divert his mind I
" read to him, as ſoon as the ſurgeons would
" permit me. Till then, my youth, vi-
" vacity, want of thought, and the fatal
" paſſion I had conceived for Louiſa, had
" prevented my application to ſtudy. I
" now learned the charms of this kind of
" occupation, which communicates know-
" ledge, amends the heart, and ornaments
" the mind. I could eaſily perceive that,
" in his choice of books, his purpoſe was
" rather my inſtruction, and a wiſh to give
" me a taſte for reading, than his own amuſe-
" ment. When I had ended he made the
" moſt juſt and profound reflections on what

" had

"had been read; which, to me, were so "many rays of light. Whenever the sub-"ject happened to be the duties of a sol-"dier, he described them with energy, "proved how they were compatible with "morality and true honour, and how far "courage might be allied to humanity and "sensibility.

"Excellent Walstein! If, at present, I "have any virtues, to thee am I indebted "for them. Thou hast made me such as "I am, and the two months I lived in thy "chamber, after a crime for which any "other man would have held me in ever-"lasting abhorrence, and have been ap-"peased only by my blood, by thy bene-"volence and wisdom, I gained more know-"ledge, and was better taught the duties "of man, than by all my preceding edu-"cation."

We have forborn to interrupt a narrative so interesting by any remarks on what the feelings of Caroline were; and our reason for this forbearance was that every reader might judge from his own heart, and imagine the passages at which the manuscript was laid down or taken up; or where it dropt from the hands of the wife of Walstein: those at which her heart palpitated more or less, or where some strong exclamation was involuntarily uttered. It is very certain, however, that she did not read thus far without interruption; and, moreover, that, at this particular place, an emotion, prompt and instinctive, made her snatch up the box. She only half opened it, and shut it again, with a kind of respectful fear, as if it had been profaned by her looks: after which, laying it close to her elbow, she again took up the manuscript.

"A month

"A month after the accident, the King, "learning that his favourite could rise, "came to Ronebourg, with few attendants. "Walstein, then, presented me, for the first "time; and the King gave me assurances "of his good will and future protection. "Alas! what was my confusion, what my "shame, when I heard him praising me for "the proofs of friendship I had given, on "this melancholy occasion, and the unin- "terrupted attention I had paid the Count! "Had it not been for my father's presence "and the recollection of the pangs he must "have suffered, I really believe, I should "have fallen at his feet, have confessed how "little I deserved his eulogiums, and have "owned the whole enormity of my guilt.

"The King, after remaining a few mo- "ments in the chamber, desired to be left

"alone with the Count. They were to-
"gether for ſome time. At laſt, my father
"was called in; and, preſently afterwards,
"I, alſo. As I entered, I found my father
"kneeling to the King, and kiſſing his
"hand. "Come hither, my ſon," ſaid he;
"come, and kneel with me, to thank the
"beſt of Monarchs, and the moſt generous
"of friends.——The Count has reſigned
"his commiſſion in the guards, and, at his
"entreaty, his Majeſty has graciouſly be-
"ſtowed it on you. Lindorf! my ſon! if
"it be poſſible, merit this diſtinction, by
"equalling your predeceſſor!"

"To Walſtein I would have kneeled, in
"his boſom would have hid my confuſion,
"if I might; and ſo ſtrongly was I affected
"that my father, thinking me half diſtracted
"with my joy, was obliged to recall my at-
"tention

"tention to the King, who raiſed me with "affability, and, like my father, exhorted "me to imitate the Count.

"Imitate him!" ſaid I, approaching him, "and ſeizing his hand, which he held out "to me. "Is it poſſible for man to ac- "quire virtue ſo ſublime—Can I, wretch!"—

"Walſtein looked at me! and, immedi- "ately, put his hand on my mouth!

"Oh, Caroline! ſuch is the man to "whom you are united; ſuch is he to "whom, no doubt, you are proud, at pre- "ſent, to appertain, and whom you are "now wiſhing to make happy——And, oh, "how exquiſite muſt be his felicity! So ex- "quiſite that he alone, I confeſs, can be "worthy of it!

"The

"The King departed, the same day, for "Berlin, and, soon after, sent me my Cap- "tain's commission. At length, I found "myself alone with Walstein. My heart "was full, almost to suffocation, and I "wished to express some part of what I "felt. But, no! Expressions could not be "found! Words were too feeble! and I "could only testify my gratitude as to a "Deity!

"His friendship for me seemed to in- "crease every day. "Good young man," "would he often say, holding out his "hand, when he saw me stand with my "eyes fixed on his wounds, "do not sup- "pose these a misfortune. Believe me, for "it is a truth, we both are gainers; and I, "especially: a friend, such as thou wilt be, "merits well to be purchased with the loss

"of

" of an eye. Had I a miſtreſs," added he, " ſmiling, " perhaps, I ſhould be leſs a phi- " loſopher; yet, ſuch as I ſhall be, I do " not deſpair of finding a woman rational " enough to love me. Love has been the " cauſe of my misfortune, and love ought " to make me reparation."

" Behold, how juſt Heaven is, Caroline. " Love will make him reparation, and I " alone, as I ought, ſhall be unhappy.— " Yet, no! I ought not, I ſhall not be, " while I am a witneſs of the felicity of " two perſons ſo dear to my heart! Oh! " that I may but accompliſh the ardent " wiſh I have that theſe two perſons, ſo " worthy, ſhould be fully known to each " other!

" As ſoon as he was ſufficiently reco- " vered to travel to Berlin, I joined my regi- " ment,

" ment, which lay there, and which I found
" moſt excellently diſciplined. Walſtein,
" yielding to his inclinations, retired to
" continual and ſevere ſtudy; which, added
" to want of exerciſe, was detrimental to
" his health. He became meagre, and his
" inceſſant application to reading and writ-
" ing gave him that ſtoop in the ſhoulders
" which you, no doubt, have obſerved;
" but he had no longer pretenſion to beauty,
" and he was become paſſionately fond of
" ſtudy. The laws and policy of nations,
" which require knowledge ſo extenſive,
" were the reſearches to which he was moſt
" addicted. In two or three years he was
" capable of undertaking the moſt difficult
" negotiations, and of filling, with the
" greateſt dignity and ſucceſs, the brilliant
" employment he now holds.

" When

"When we arrived at Berlin, he intro-
"duced me to his aunt, the Baroneſs de
"Zaſtrow, with whom the young Counteſs
"Matilda, his ſiſter, had been brought up.
"Long a widow and without children, the
"Baroneſs looked upon her niece as her
"daughter, and ſole heireſs. The Count,
"alſo, was fond of his young ſiſter, and
"was as careful of her education and fu-
"ture happineſs as the moſt tender father
"could have been. He had often ſpoken
"of her to me, at Ronebourg, and made it
"no ſecret that he ſhould behold with plea-
"ſure a probability of our union, and, thus,
"add another tie to friendſhip. I thought
"her charming, but ſhe was ſcarcely thir-
"teen. She was ſtill but a lively girl with
"whom I could play with pleaſure, but
"who did not inſpire the ſame ſenſations I
"had felt from the company of Louiſa.

"My

" My heart, however, being perfectly " free, and the company I found at the " Baroness de Zastrow's exceedingly agree- " able, I went there, regularly, every day; " where I was received as the intimate " friend of Walstein. Matilda, particu- " larly, took a thousand opportunities of " doing me little favours. She called me " her brother, and told me, laughing, she " hardly ever saw her own, since he was " become so ordinary and so learned; there- " fore, she thought it was my duty to come " in his stead. I, in the same kind of sport, " called her my dear little sister, and be- " haved as if she had really been so. Altho' " she was very handsome, and daily became " more formed, I felt no other sentiments " for her than those of friendship, or bro- " therly affection. The kind of beauty she " possessed, however seductive it might be

" to

" to others, was not, preciſely, that which
" I ſhould prefer. It was neither the regu-
" lar and ſtriking features of Louiſa, nor
" the enchanting countenance, the look
" celeſtial, which penetrates the hidden ſen-
" timents of the ſoul, the lip of innocence,
" the angelic voice, the——

" Another word, Caroline, and you muſt
" never behold this manuſcript! Let me
" ſpeak only of the Count, him only ſee,
" think only of him; let my mind be
" wholly occupied by that ſublime idea,
" and forget every other.

" Where was I?——Speaking, I be-
" lieve, of the young Counteſs Matilda.
" You, I ſuppoſe, have never ſeen her.
" She was at Dreſden when you were
" at Berlin, where ſhe ſtill remains, with

" Madam

"Madam de Zaſtrow, who has there fixed "her reſidence. She no way reſembles what "her brother was before his misfortune. "Inſtead of his benevolent and dignified "preſence, Matilda's features are delicate "and ſmall; the character of her coun- "tenance is that of mirth and vivacity. "The ſymmetry of her perſon is exact; "her arm is round; her feet exceedingly "pretty; her waiſt ſmall; her noſe turned "up; her eyes blue, and intelligent; her "roſe coloured lips are always ready to "laugh, and add dimples to her cheeks; "and her whole form conveys the idea of "what we call ſports and ſmiles; but never "any thing of tender ſentiment. She ſeems "even incapable of ſuch ſenſations; ſo that "one may play with her without the leaſt "danger either to her or one's ſelf.

"Yet,

" Yet, however, did she, sensibly, begin " to lose a part of the thoughtless gaiety " by which she seemed to be characterized. " She still laughed, but the laugh often " seemed forced, and was sometimes fol- " lowed by a sigh. By degrees she ceased " to call me her brother, or let me assume " the privilege of one. If I offered to kiss " her, she would draw back and blush; and, " when I called her my dear little sister, she " very gravely would reply with a *Sir*; " which, at times, she had some difficulty " to pronounce. The Count perceived the " change sooner than I did. " Either I " am much deceived," said he, " or the " heart of our young sister begins to take " part in my project; but tell me, dear " Lindorf, what says yours? May I here- " after call you brother?"

" I was

" I was too ſincere to endeavour to con-
" ceal that I had, hitherto, felt nothing
" farther than friendſhip; " but, certainly,"
" ſaid I to the Count, " my heart, already
" exhauſted, is no longer capable of love,
" and ſince the charming Matilda fails to
" inſpire paſſion, I ſhall never feel it more."
" Ah, Caroline, how much was I deceived!

" You are miſtaken," replied he, " Lin-
" dorf; at three and twenty the heart is never
" ſatiated with love: nor have you ever
" known love; for your paſſion for Louiſa
" was rather an effervescence of the ſenſes
" than love itſelf; its exceſs was a proof of
" my aſſertion, and I deſire no better than
" your meditated elopement. When a lover,
" Lindorf, prefers his own enjoyment to the
" intereſt of the object beloved, you may
" be certain his heart is but feebly affected.
" My utmoſt wiſh is that my ſiſter may

" make you feel the difference between your " paſſion for Louiſa and the delicious ſenti- " ments of refined love. She is ſtill ſuffi- " ciently young to give me hope that this " may happen; and, perhaps, it is her " great youth that retards the deſired event. " You think her only a girl; but, when " this girl ſhall diſcover ſenſibility, there " will be but another ſtep to inſpire you " with ſimilar ſenſations."

" I embraced the Count; and aſſured him " I had already love enough for Matilda to " think with pleaſure on the time when I " ſhould love her more, and when I might " add the name of brother to that of friend; " but that I had ſtill many errors to repair " and to efface, and that his charming ſiſter " merited a heart wholly hers, and capable " of feeling her worth.

" A ſhort

"A short time after this conversation "happened, Walstein was appointed Am- "bassador to Russia. Our farewell was ten- "der, and affected me greatly. Since the "commission of my crime (for what other "name can I give it?) I never could be- "hold the Count without a renewal of af- "fliction and remorse. That countenance, "so beautiful, that walk and figure, so "noble, that look, which expressed so much, "all, incessantly haunted me. The Count "seemed to recollect nothing of this, "nor to entertain the least regret. Before "we parted, I entreated him to give me "his picture, such as it was when he came "to Ronebourg. I knew he had one, and "I wished he would bequeath it to me; "that my own fault and his generosity "might continually be recalled, and that I "might be certain time should not enfeeble "the remembrance of them.

"This

"This he abſolutely refuſed. "No, "dear Lindorf," ſaid he, "you ſhall have "no portrait of mine, neither paſt nor pre- "ſent. I would have them forgotten as "totally by you as they are by me. I "never would have them mentioned more. "I wiſh you only to remember our friend- "ſhip, which is, and ever ſhall be, invio- "lable."

"I did not perſiſt in my requeſt, becauſe "I ſaw him determined, and becauſe I had "another reſource. The young Counteſs, "Matilda, had a miniature picture in a "bracelet; but which, after his accident, "ſhe no longer wore; and which, I believe, "he himſelf had forgotten. I had no great "difficulty in prevailing on her, under a pro- "miſe of ſecrecy, to ſuffer a copy to be "taken. It is this which I have now left "with you, Caroline, and which I beg you

" to accept. You are the only perſon to
" whom I would have given that picture;
" but you, I am certain, will know its va-
" lue. Look at it often; and, while you
" look, remember the beauteous mind which
" animated that once beauteous form ſtill
" exiſts, with ſtill improving beauty, and
" increaſing purity. Yes, the change of his
" features gives Walſtein new luſtre, nor
" ſhould the remaining ſcars make you hold
" your huſband in horror.—Ah! Caroline,
" you muſt deteſt his wretched aſſaſſin, but
" forget not his remorſe; remember his re-
" pentance! Think on what he ſuffered
" while he was making this his confeſſion,
" and conjuring you to love another; ba-
" niſhing himſelf for ever from your pre-
" ſence. An expiation like this ought, al-
" moſt, to make the crime forgotten, and
" to obtain a generous pardon.

" The

"The Count, at parting, promiſed to "write to me, as often as the multiplicity of "affairs in which he was going to engage "would permit. Wholly devoted to his "duty, he had little time for a correſpon- "dence of pleaſure, or even friendſhip. "Soon after his arrival, however, at Pe- "terſburgh, I received the letters which I "encloſe in this packet; you will find "them numbered according to the order in "which they came. Read them, Caroline; "your ſpouſe is a much better painter of "himſelf than I am."

Caroline took the letters, looked for No. I. and haſtily opened it. The hand-writing recalled to recollection the ſhort penciled billet of the antichamber; the only one ſhe had ever received from Walſtein, and the impreſſion of which had been ſo ſtrong, yet ſo little durable. She felt the anguiſh of

remorse; and, for some moments, her tears impeded her sight. At length she began to read. The letter was dated from Petersburgh, the year before her marriage, and was as follows:

NUMBER I.

The Count of WALSTEIN *to the Baron of* LINDORF.

Petersburgh, July 7, 17—.

'THE letter I received, yesterday, from 'Matilda, confirmed what I had long 'suspected. Yes, you are beloved, dear 'Lindorf: her innocent and pure mind is 'itself astonished at the new ideas which 'affect it, and has not had the art to con-'ceal them from the penetrating friendship 'of a brother. Each phrase, each word, 'in her letter, betrays her secret; and I 'think myself guilty of no treason in re-

'vealing

'vealing it to her husband—Yes, her husband, dear Lindorf!——In vain would 'your delicacy longer decline what friendship so ardently desires; it now ought to 'yield to what I shall say, or rather to 'what I shall repeat. I have reflected a 'good deal on our last conversation. Because you do not love my sister with the 'same transport, the same burning raptures 'you felt for Louisa, you imagine yourself 'unworthy of her, and conclude you never 'shall love her. Yet, you acknowledge, 'and I believe you have, the tenderest 'friendship for Matilda, and that she is the 'woman you at present would most prefer, 'and the only one concerning whom you are 'any way interested.—What more is ne'cessary, dear Lindorf, to happiness? Does 'a sensation so sweet to the soul leave any 'thing farther to wish? And, when to these 'are added the gratitude you would feel

'for the love she bears to you, do you sup-
'pose it possible you should not make her
'perfectly happy? For my part, I think
'her happiness much more certain, this
'way, than if you had a violent passion for
'her, which consumes itself in its own
'flames, and leaves only regret and a pain-
'ful void. Ever since I have thought of
'this union, which to see accomplished
'would, I own, be one of the greatest plea-
'sures of my life, I have studied the cha-
'racters of you and Matilda much more
'attentively than you imagine; and each
'remark I have made has confirmed and
'even convinced me you were born for
'each other—Without perhaps being so
'beauteous as Louisa, or, even, as many
'other women, my sister has somewhat in
'her figure which every day pleases more,
'because it every day is gaining some ad-
'ditional grace; and because it consists in

'that

'that varied and animated play of coun-
'tenance which is more pleasing than a re-
'gularity of features, that are but too apt,
'by their sameness, to lose their charm.
'Perhaps, you will tell me she wants sensi-
'bility, and that you have too much. But
'shall I surprise you, nay, shall I not vex
'you, dear Lindorf, when I say I believe
'Matilda has at least as much feeling as
'my friend himself? Under the apparent
'thoughtlessness of childhood, if I mistake
'not, I have discovered the tendereſt, the
'most affectionate heart, and the most ca-
'pable of a strong and lasting attachment.
'You see, already, this little insensible has
'understanding enough to know your
'worth, to love you, and, I think, Lin-
'dorf, you will never have any complaints
'to make of her want of tenderness. Her
'mind, likewise, has those propensities which
'best please and fix the attention of yours.

'Her amiable vivacity, her uninterrupted 'gaiety, are qualities that will preſerve you 'from dulneſs; which, of all the plagues 'of a conjugal ſtate, is one of the worſt. 'Her gentleneſs and good temper will me-'liorate that natural warmth which ſo often 'overpowers you, and, in your own deſpite, 'carries you beyond the bounds of mo-'deration. I hear your reply, dear Lin-'dorf. "Yes, my own happineſs, I ſee, 'will be certain; but what will become of 'that of Matilda?" Be not unhappy on 'that account, my friend, for, once again I 'tell thee, I am not; and that, when I preſs 'thee to marry my ſiſter, I foreſee how thy 'heart, perhaps the moſt excellent I have 'ever known, will act. Yes, Matilda muſt 'be happy, and I defy thee to prove the 'contrary. Beſides, ſhe loves thee, and 'therefore without thee, Lindorf, muſt be 'wretched; and, whatever thou mayeſt ſay,

'thou

'thou haſt more love for her than thou ſup-
'poſeſt. Love, my friend, is nothing more
'than a lively friendſhip founded on recipro-
'cal eſteem, and improved on a difference
'of ſex. Matilda has inſpired this friend-
'ſhip, already; and what ſhall it be when
'mutual intereſt and children give it addi-
'tional ſtrength? Lindorf, thou, like me,
'muſt feel how dear to a man muſt be the
'mother of his children. Oh! my friend,
'that kind of ſenſation which you experi-
'ence when thinking of my ſiſter will, then,
'daily increaſe, daily acquire new powers,
'and confirm you both in happineſs. Re-
'nounce, therefore, theſe vain ſcruples, and
'prepare every thing for this happy union.
'Speak to Matilda, ſpeak to my aunt;
'with the firſt your efforts need not be very
'great. My aunt, perhaps, may not be ſo
'complying. She wiſhes her niece to marry
'a nephew of the late Baron de Zaſtrow,

'the heir of the title and eſtates; but I will 'write to her, and ſhe loves my ſiſter too 'well not to yield when ſhe thinks her hap- 'pineſs at ſtake; beſides which, ſhe is ac- 'quainted with you, Lindorf, and your re- 'ception at her houſe may well make you 'ſuppoſe ſhe will not reject you for a ne- 'phew.

'Adieu, write to me immediately, I am 'impatient to know whether I have con- 'vinced you you are ſuch as it is requiſite 'you ſhould be to become the brother, the 'beloved brother, of your dear friend

'EDMUND, Count of Walſtein.

'P. S. The ſteward of my eſtate at 'Walſtein being lately dead, it has given 'me pleaſure to beſtow his place on the 'honeſt Juſtin, who manages his farm ex- 'cellently. I yeſterday received his anſwer,

'which is written with such simplicity of 'heart, and affords so fine a picture of hap-'pines that, I am certain, you will be 'pleased to see it; for which reason I have 'enclosed it.——Perhaps you would rather 'have seen that of Matilda: if so, dear 'Lindorf, be certain you may marry her 'without dread or apprehension.'

Whether the letter from Justin was by chance inclosed in that of the Count, when sent by Lindorf to Caroline, or whether purposely put there, does not greatly matter; but there it was, and we imagine our readers will be glad to read it, and once again recollect the beauteous Louisa, whom certainly they have not yet forgotten.

The LETTER *of* JUSTIN.

'*To his Excellency, my Lord, the* COUNT *of* 'WALSTEIN, *Ambaſſador to the Court of* '*Peterſburg.*

'*My Lord,*

'I AM certain, for I know my Lord's 'goodneſs, his heart would have been right 'glad if his Excellence had ſeen how happy 'his Lordſhip's letter made us all; nay, 'more happy than we were before, which, 'if any body had told us that ſuch a thing 'might be, I am ſure we ſhould have ſaid 'it was impoſſible. To be ſure, I did not 'think that ever the poor Juſtin could have 'arrived at the honour of being my Lord 'the Count's Steward; though, at preſent, I 'feel, I am ſure, I can do my duty in the 'diſcharge of that high office, of which I am 'as proud as if I were a King; and, though

'I be

'I be not learned, I am certain I can do 'any thing to ſerve my good and dear 'Lord; and I hope, when it ſhall pleaſe 'God to ſend him back, that he will be ſa-'tisfied, and find every thing in good 'order.

'We have been in the Steward's apart-'ment, at the Chateau, for theſe two days 'paſt. My dear Louiſa, at firſt, was ſorry 'to leave the farm; but ſhe tells me, now, 'ſhe finds as ſhe ſhall be happy every where 'with me; though be this ſaid with all 'reſpect to my Lord the Count, for I know 'one ſhould not brag of one's ſelf; but 'when one is the huſband of Louiſa, and 'the ſteward of my Lord the Count of 'Walſtein, one may well be a little proud. 'Our good old father, too, is as proud as 'I am, and ſo gay of heart that he ſeems 'younger by ten years. He calls me nothing

'but

'but my Lord the Count's steward; and he 'drinks a glass of wine more, every meal, 'to the health and honour of my Lord. 'All of us, even to our two dear little pop-'pets, are quite overjoyed at being at the 'Chateau; and they are so pleased to play 'in the gardens of my Lord the Count; 'the eldest can go any where, the sturdy 'little rogue; and his young brother, who 'is not yet weaned, already begins to lisp 'the name of my Lord the Count, for that 'is the first word we teach them; and when 'his grandfather drinks the health of my 'Lord he always takes off his bonnet. To 'be sure they are two charming little knaves, 'and almost as beautiful as their mother.

'I should never dare to presume to tell 'all this to my Lord the Ambassador if he 'had not commanded me to write him word 'of every thing that concerned our good

'old

'old father, my dear Louisa, and our little 'boys.—I had almost forgot the flageolet, 'but Louisa, who knows my Lord the 'Count's letter by heart, made me recol- 'lect it; and so I continue, as aforetime, to 'play to Louisa, to amuse her while she 'gives the breast to the little one, and so 'the biggest dances all the while I play, 'for this your Lordship knows is like the 'birds in their nests; the male sings while 'the female is sitting: and so my Lord the 'Count will very well perceive I am the 'happiest man this day on God's earth. 'Every thing goes its gait; all we under- 'take succeeds; and when we are in the 'meadow we see our four calves, three hens, 'and their broods of chickens, and I know 'not how many sheep, goats, and lambs, 'without reckoning our little boys, all play- 'ing around us; and all this my Lord the 'Count has given us, and so it is my opi- 'nion

'nion that my Lord the Count is as happy, 'or perhaps even happier, than we are, be- 'cauſe he has done the good, and we have 'only received it; but it ought to be ſo; 'he wants nothing but a Louiſa which may 'the good and bountiful God give him. 'We pray every day for my Lord the 'Count; for truly, my Lord has, after 'God himſelf, the firſt place in our hearts. 'Wherefore, may God grant my Lord all 'his wiſhes and a long life to enjoy them 'in, which is the moſt ſincere prayer of 'his moſt humble ſervants and ſuperinten- 'dants of his eſtate at Walſtein.

'At Walſtein this 12th
'Day of June, 17—.

'JUSTIN and LOUISA.'

"You hear the prayers of theſe good "people, Caroline, and Heaven has been

"pleaſed

" pleaſed to hear them likewiſe. Walſtein
" has a Louiſa! No, not ſo; he has a ſtill
" ſuperior angel!

" I anſwered the Count's letter by the
" next courier.—Gratitude, the pleaſure
" of being ſtill dearer and nearer related to
" him, an ardent deſire to merit the good
" opinion he entertained of me, certitude
" of my own happineſs, and a promiſe to
" make Matilda happy, theſe my letter ex-
" preſſed, and theſe my heart dictated.—
" The only thing omitted was love; but
" the Count had juſt ſhewn me love was not
" neceſſary to happineſs, but that it would
" be more certain from that kind of attach-
" ment which I felt for his ſiſter. Wal-
" ſtein had too great an aſcendant over me
" not to convince, and I was the more eaſy
" to perſuade from the belief of being be-
" loved, which gave a degree of force to

" the

"the favourable sentiments I had for the "lovely Matilda. I no longer saw her "without emotion; and this became suf- "ficiently strong to make me perfectly "easy when, after a conversation of some "length held with her, she gave me per- "mission, though not without deep blushes, "to ask her aunt's consent, and endeavour "to gain her over to the views of her bro- "ther.

"I thought it best, however, to wait, "before I spoke to the Baroness, till I had "written to the Count, and received his "promised answer. This I told Matilda, "who thought it very proper; and we no "longer endeavoured to conceal an affec- "tion thus authorized by fraternal authority.

"I continued, therefore, my daily visits "at the Baroness de Zastrow's, and very "assiduously

" assiduously paid her my court, though
" with very little success. After the depar-
" ture of the Count her conduct to me had
" been wholly changed; always polite but
" always distant, she affected to receive me
" with great ceremony, and took her mea-
" sures so well that I seldom had an oppor-
" tunity of speaking a word in private to
" Matilda. These impediments and con-
" tradictions might naturally have been
" expected to augment love; and, I own, I
" was secretly vexed, which did not pass un-
" observed by Matilda, and which consoled
" her for her aunt's behaviour by persuading
" her she was beloved; and so, no doubt,
" she was; friendship, gratitude, attached
" me to her, and, had I then obtained her
" hand, I might myself have been well per-
" suaded my affection was much stronger
" than it has proved.

" I waited

" I waited, however, without any violent " impatience the effect of the Count's pro- " miſes and letter to his aunt. He wrote " me word ' he had not yet been able to ' gain the conſent of that lady, for ſhe ' tenaciouſly adhered to her deſign of marry- ' ing Matilda to the young Baron de Zaſ- ' trow, then on his travels. Yet that he, ' however, was ſtill more tenacious of his ' own, which certainly ſhould be effective; ' for which reaſon he conjured me not to ' take offence, but to wait with patience. ' A conſiderable eſtate,' he ſaid, ' depended ' on this aunt, which required ſome caution; ' but that, by one means or other, he would ' obtain his end, and that he already re- ' garded me as his brother.'

" I wiſhed to ſhew Matilda this letter, " and immediately went to the houſe of " the Baroneſs. I found it ſhut up! No

" porter

" porter, not a ſingle ſervant, was there to
" whom I could ſpeak! This circumſtance
" appeared extremely ſingular; for, the very
" evening before, I had been received as
" uſual, without the leaſt mention of a
" removal. I inquired in the neighbour-
" hood, and was told the coach had ſet off
" very early in the morning; but could
" learn nothing more. While I was re-
" maining in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, I ſaw
" Matilda's maid coming to me. I ran to
" meet her, and was going to queſtion,
" but was prevented by her telling me to
" aſk nothing, for that nothing ſhe knew.
" I cannot tell you where they are," ſaid ſhe.
" Yeſterday, as ſoon as you were gone, I
" heard my lady ſpeaking very loud, and
" Miſs Matilda weeping. All night long
" there was nothing but packing up, ſcold-
" ing, and crying; and, at laſt, I was paid
" my wages, diſcharged, and they ſet off in
" a coach;

" a coach; but Miſs Matilda, when ſhe " bade me farewell, ſlipt this into my hand."

" The maid then gave me a rumpled " paper, addreſſed to me; which, taking, I " directly opened, but without, at firſt, " being able to comprehend a word of " its contents. It ſeemed an inventory of " chairs, tables, and furniture. At laſt, I " diſcovered that what regarded myſelf was " interlined, and was as follows."

' Oh! Mr. Lindorf, we are going to de-
' part for Dreſden, preſently; and we are
' to ſtay there a long, long while; perhaps,
' for ever. What will you think when you
' ſhall come to-morrow and find your poor
' young friend gone? Will you grieve as
' much as ſhe does? I hope you will be a
' little ſorry; yet do not afflict yourſelf
' too much; for I promiſe you my thoughts

' will

'will be the ſame at Dreſden as they were
'at Berlin, and ſo they will for ever con-
'tinue to be. Beſides, have I not a bro-
'ther, a dear good brother? Write to him
'immediately; and, ſhould you wiſh to
'ſend a word in anſwer to this, let it be
'under cover to him, for there are no other
'means of its arriving at me. No, if you
'write to me, your letters muſt firſt go to
'Ruſſia. But what of that, if I but get them
'at laſt?—I wiſh I were as ſure this would
'come to your hands. I could contrive
'no means of writing to you, but, luckily,
'my aunt gave me an inventory to copy.
'When ſhe looks at me, I ſet down a figure,
'and, the moment ſhe is gone, write a line.
'When it is done, perhaps, I may give it
'to poor Nancy, whom my aunt intends to
'turn away, becauſe ſhe might aſſiſt us, and
'becauſe ſhe loves you. I am ſure ſhe will

'give

'give it you, faithfully.——I am vexed to 'be obliged to write thus clandestinely and 'deceive my aunt; yet she has had no re-'morse at deceiving me. Till this very 'night I knew not a word of our depar-'ture: no, I protest to you, I did not 'know a word of it. Is it not a shocking 'thing to be obliged to set off without 'seeing you?—I scarcely can write for cry-'ing, and I hear my aunt coming. My 'paper is no more like an inventory, so I 'must hide it, and begin another. Fare-'well, Mr. Lindorf, I will remember you 'and pray for you continually, and do not 'forget the poor Matilda, and do not think 'ill of her because she has written to you 'first.'

"Such was the letter of Matilda, on "reading of which it was impossible, with-

'out

" out any violent love, not to be affected at " the native ſimplicity of the niece, and " piqued at the behaviour of the aunt. I " felt both theſe ſenſations in their full " force, and returned to my chamber, where " I immediately wrote an account of all that " had paſſed to Walſtein, and of the un- " worthy artifice that had been uſed. I be- " lieve anger was ſtronger than regret, for " I inſinuated to the Count that I looked " upon our project as impracticable; and, " ſince Madame de Zaſtrow was ſo deter- " mined, to renounce it appeared to me " the wiſeſt way. I incloſed a copy of the " letter from Matilda, and my anſwer, de- " ſiring her brother to ſend it to her; and " I received a letter from the Count, by " the return of the poſt, as follows."

NUMBER II.

The Count of WALSTEIN *to the Baron of* LINDORF.

Peterſburg, July 18, 17—

'I am exceedingly angry, dear Lindorf, 'at the trick our good aunt, de Zaſtrow, 'has played us; but her efforts are fruit-'leſs, Matilda ſhall be yours. I declare, 'nay, have ſworn, my ſiſter ſhall not be-'come the victim of her obſtinacy. I have 'nothing to alledge againſt the young 'Baron de Zaſtrow, whom I have not the 'honour of knowing, and to whom I wiſh 'all manner of happineſs, except that of 'being the huſband of Matilda. You, Lin-'dorf, has ſhe ſelected, and you, already, 'doth her young heart prefer. No, that 'innocent and open heart, which ſpoke all 'its ſecrets with ſuch ingenuous confidence

'to

'to me, shall not be deceived in its wishes;
'shall not have to combat a passion to which
'I myself may be said to have given birth;
'nor shall she have to blush for having first
'written to any other man than her hus-
'band. Poor dear girl! how much did her
'billet affect me! I will write, immediately,
'to console her, and afford her no very
'distant prospect of felicity: a little per-
'severance and we shall conquer. I will
'inclose your letter, likewise, which, I be-
'lieve, will be more effectual than mine.
'By the same post I will write to my
'aunt, and, if necessary, assert the rights a
'dying father bequeathed to me over my
'sister. *To you I confide her and the care of*
'*her future happiness*; nor, oh! my father,
'will I betray this trust. Matilda and Lin-
'dorf shall be one, and your dear girl, then,
'cannot fail of being happy! Take courage,
'therefore, my friend, and be assured our

'project ſhall ſucceed. Matilda is yet but 'fifteen; in three or four years ſhe will be 'more formed, more capable of happineſs, 'more worthy of herſelf and you. My only 'fear is that, you being ſeparate from her, that 'heart, ſo ſuddenly become cold, inſenſible, 'that heart, no longer ſuſceptible of love, 'as you have ſuppoſed, may, in the mean 'time, ſtand convicted of its error, and 'find that it never yet knew the paſſion. 'If, dear Lindorf, this misfortune ſhould 'happen, promiſe me, ſwear to me, you will 'neither ſacrifice yourſelf nor my ſiſter to 'engagements which, from that moment, 'will ceaſe to exiſt. I am deſirous of this 'union no farther than as I am perſuaded it 'will not be a misfortune to either party, 'and would rather have to comfort Matilda 'for the loſs of a lover than for the indif-'ference of the huſband of her heart. There-'fore, Lindorf, the very moment ſhe would

'no

'no longer be the wife you would prefer
'to all others, the very moment you are
'convinced some other woman may render
'you more happy, have the fortitude to in-
'form your friend of this change, and be
'assured that, instead of diminishing, by
'this conduct, you will redouble his esteem.
'I think violent love no way necessary to
'conjugal felicity. I have said so in my
'former letter, and I persist in the opinion;
'but I am still more effectually convinced
'that a husband and wife ought, at least,
'mutually to prefer each other to the whole
'world, and never know regret at the remem-
'brance of being united for life. I think it
'necessary that that agreement of taste and
'feeling, that entire confidence, that bond
'of affection, should be found, which cannot
'exist if one of the two love another and
'be obliged to conceal the thoughts by
'which he or she most is occupied.—

'These considerations, I own, have hi-
'therto hindered me from marrying and
'yielding to the wishes and entreaties of
'my family, which, with me, will become
'extinct. I dread lest my present rank and
'favour might engage some woman, to
'whom I might address myself, to marry
'me, though she really loved another. I
'fear acquiring rights which I shall find
'are usurpations, and over a heart that has
'other engagements. I dread being the
'unconscious cause of misery to two lovers,
'and being myself still more miserable when
'I shall have made the discovery. You
'know me too well, dear Lindorf, ever to
'imagine I can mean to reproach when I
'thus speak my secret sentiments. You
'know my manner of thinking relative to
'the accident that has altered my person; it
'is ever the same; and, I again protest, I
'every day congratulate myself on the pre-

'sent

'ſent opportunity I enjoy of indulging my
'moſt prevalent inclination, and following
'the ſtudies in which I moſt delight; happy
'in having had the means, in my former
'ſtation, of giving thoſe proofs of courage
'and zeal in the ſervice of my King which
'moſt I wiſhed; and, in my preſent, of
'ſerving him, as I think, much more ef-
'fectually. A good miniſter, Lindorf, is
'ſtill a greater character than a good ge-
'neral. It is my greateſt pleaſure to fulfil
'the duties of the office to which I am
'appointed; and this office, I repeat it, is
'much more agreeable to me than the life
'of a ſoldier; therefore I *can* have nothing
'to regret; nothing, nothing——Yet I
'muſt do myſelf juſtice. I may not now
'hope to inſpire love, nor do I make any
'ſuch weak pretences; and, perhaps, it may
'be for that reaſon I perſuade myſelf that
'love is not neceſſary to happineſs. But

'I wish, at least, to find a woman who 'has no partiality for another. I do not 'even shrink from a slight repugnance, 'at first; that is natural, and what I ought 'to expect. My endeavours must be to 'dispel it by degrees, and make myself 'beloved first through gratitude, and after-'wards from habit. The eye would soon 'accommodate itself to my person, and my 'sole study should be to make it forgotten 'by my actions. Is it possible that a woman 'must not, at last, love him who exists but 'to render her happy; who would prevent 'her wishes, to which his own would be ever 'subservient, and who would be grateful 'for the smallest marks of attachment which 'she might bestow! Such, my friend, are 'the loved illusions of my heart, and which 'I yet, one day, hope to behold realized. 'I foresee all the obstacles, but they dis-'courage me not. I know how difficult it

'is

'is to find a woman whose heart is entirely
'free, without which my whole scheme
'would be frustrate; for comparisons would
'incessantly be made between me and the
'regretted, the beloved object. I should be
'looked upon as a monster. Partiality and
'bitter remembrance would poison life.
'But, could I meet some young heart, such
'as I wish, and such as I shall incessantly
'endeavour to find, simple and innocent,
'unacquainted with love, and with little
'knowledge of the world; if such I find,
'it shall be mine, even though I should
'oblige her to marry me; for I would render
'her happy in her own despite. I am sen-
'sible that I should at first be accused of
'want of delicacy; but my secret motives
'would justify me in my own eyes. I have
'no other means of enjoying a felicity my
'heart most ardently desires; that of being
'a husband and a father, and ending my

'days in the arms of my children. Sacred 'ties! Connections of the soul, which double 'existence! without which man is desolate; 'alone, in the wide world, as in a desert; 'dragging a useless life and dying without 'regret!—Yes, such intimate relations will 'constitute my happiness. Never can I think 'of them without emotion, never can read 'the letter from Justin, a copy of which I sent 'to you, without shedding tears. How 'happy are those good people! *He wants 'nothing but a Louisa, which may the good 'and bountiful God give him!*——Yes, ho- 'nest Justin, the prayers of a heart so pure 'as thine ought to, and no doubt will, be 'heard. I shall find this companion, whom, 'already, I adore; though I know her not. 'She and Walstein, Lindorf and Matilda, 'Justin and Louisa, and there will be three 'happy couples in the universe! What say 'you, Lindorf, to my prophecy? For my

'part,

'part I am in raptures at the idea, and 'have faith in perfect bliss.—But what is it 'you mention about the loss of inheritance? 'Should my aunt be unjust enough to de-'prive Matilda of hers, is not she sufficiently rich at present; and does more or 'less influence happiness when we have 'more than sufficient for the enjoyment of 'life? Will not your wealth and hers be 'enough? However, as plenty is not an 'evil, and as it is best that what is done 'should be done with a good grace, let us 'wait awhile, my friend. I would not 'affirm I should not be jealous were you 'happy while I remain single: and my dear 'wife is not yet found. I shall soon, however, seriously begin the search. At present, I have too many affairs on hand. I 'fear I shall not often have the pleasure of 'writing to you, for which reason I take 'full revenge of the present opportunity.'—

The remainder of the letter related only to political affairs, and accounts of Ruſſia, which Caroline ſkipped over, or read unconſciouſly; her thoughts had other employment, and her heart was not capacious enough for her own affairs. She ſeemed as if tranſported into another world, of which, till then, ſhe had had no idea. This laſt letter particularly ſtruck her. She read it again, and with ſenſations ſomewhat painful. The prediction of the love of Lindorf, the exceſſive fear of Walſtein, leſt he ſhould marry a woman whoſe heart was pre-engaged, made a ſevere impreſſion on her. When ſhe came to Walſtein's projects of happineſs, and to the motives which had induced him to marry her, ſhe found herſelf, notwithſtanding her repugnance, ſo affected, that, at the moment, ſhe thought ſhe loved him only in the world; or, rather, ſhe did not herſelf underſtand her own feelings. She remained

with

with her eyes fixed on this letter, without remembering that the manuscript was not ended. Her enthusiasm, at length, vanished by degrees; the idea of the Count was effaced, and the image of Lindorf regained a part of its former empire. The letter was laid down, and the manuscript once more taken up.

"Time fails, Caroline, and the four and "twenty hours I have dedicated to this "painful work are almost ended. I already "perceive the first rays of day, of that day "on which, perhaps, for the last time I shall "behold her, to whom, yesterday, at the same "hour, I hoped to devote my life. How "happy was I then! How did the sweet chi-"mæras of hope and love flatter my heart! "A single moment has destroyed them all, "has plunged me into an abyss of despair!— "Yet what complaints are these? Ought

"I thus

" I thus to employ the few remaining mi-
" nutes in which I would conduct you to
" happineſs, by pointing out the road? Yes,
" Caroline, you will be, muſt be, happy;
" and the certainty of this will be the ſole
" conſolation of my future exiſtence.

" The whole year paſſed without the leaſt
" change of circumſtance or ſituation. Ma-
" tilda remained at Dreſden, the Count in
" Ruſſia, and I at Berlin. An uninter-
" rupted correſpondence maintained our
" mutual connections, but that of Dreſden,
" paſſing firſt by Peterſburg, was neither
" very frequent nor very animated. Ma-
" tilda, educated in reſtraint, and even with
" ſeverity, durſt not indulge her feelings;
" and, at the utmoſt, expreſſed friendſhip
" only. My anſwers nearly aſſumed the
" ſame tone; yet, determined to eſpouſe
" her as ſoon as her aunt would conſent,

" and

" and preferring her to all the women I
" then knew, I carefully avoided every oc-
" casion of meeting objects who might era-
" dicate these ideas, and take place of her
" in my heart.

" To deprive myself of the pleasures of
" courts cost me but little. Ever since the
" unfortunate adventure of Louisa and the
" Count I had preserved an habitual melan-
" choly, which well accorded with my fu-
" ture intentions. Wholly devoted to my
" military occupations and paying my duty
" to the King, I employed the remainder
" of my time in riding, music, or reading.

" An unfortunate event happened which
" disturbed my tranquillity and increased
" my melancholy. My father, who re-
" mained at Ronebourg, had an apoplectic
" fit; my mother, who had long been in a
" feeble

" feeble and ill ſtate of health, ſcarcely could
" ſupport her grief and terror. I was in-
" ſtantly ſent for, and found them both, on
" my arrival, in great danger. The ſight
" of me appeared to animate them; my
" mother eſpecially, who loved me with
" moſt affectionate tenderneſs, found her-
" ſelf ſenſibly better, which ſhe attributed
" to my preſence and cares; but the ſtate
" in which ſhe ſtill remained required every
" attention I could beſtow. I wrote to
" Court, to obtain leave of abſence. My
" motive was too ſacred for me to be re-
" fuſed, and I devoted my whole time and
" faculties to my parents.

" It was during this abſence, Caroline,
" that you came to embelliſh the Court I
" had quitted; and it was then alſo the
" Count had that unfortunate ſickneſs which
" detained him ſo long on the road, and

" which

"which I heard of by accident. At any "other moment I ſhould have flown to his "aſſiſtance; but I was then detained at "Ronebourg, by duties too ſacred, and too "dear, to admit even the idea.

"Some time after, I had the pleaſure to "learn, from himſelf, he had recovered "and arrived at Berlin. His letter had "an enigmatic and myſterious turn, which "I remarked when I read it firſt—— 'He would have given,' he ſaid, 'the 'whole world to ſee and ſpeak to me. The 'cruel event, which detained me at Rone- 'bourg, was the more diſtreſſing to him 'becauſe he abſolutely could not come thi- 'ther, on account of the diſtance (Rone- 'bourg is at the farther end of Sileſia, and 'four long days journey from Berlin) and 'the little time he had to remain in Pruſſia, 'during which every moment would be 'occupied.

'occupied. He then ſpoke of Matilda, was 'grieved at the perverſity of her aunt, but 'was determined, he ſaid, the inſtant I 'ſhould be at liberty to leave Ronebourg, 'to exert his authority and terminate our 'marriage.—He had a new motive for 'haſtening the affair.—Perhaps he was him-'ſelf on the point of being happy—of ob-'taining what he ſo ardently deſired; but 'he could not enjoy perfect content unleſs 'I enjoyed it alſo.'

"I paid leſs attention to this letter than "I ſhould have done at any other time; "for ſcarcely had I time to read it, nor "have I, till now, hardly recollected it ſince. "I received it on the very day on which "my father, after having languiſhed four "months, expired in my arms, recommend-"ing my mother to me, and commanding "me not to leave her.

"Alas!

"Alas! my heart had already fore-run "the command, which was itſelf to me a "law. Already had I ſworn, to the ten- "dereſt of mothers, that her ſon, her only "ſon, would not abandon her in the hour "of her affliction!

"As ſoon as I had rendered my father "the laſt duties of humanity, I wrote to "the Count to inform him of my loſs, and "to entreat he would obtain a renewal of "my leave of abſence; and the King not "only permitted me to remain at Rone- "bourg but deigned, likewiſe, to approve "the motive that made me wiſh to ſtay.

"The Count, in his anſwer, wrote in a "ſtyle of melancholy that did not ſurpriſe "me. I knew how ſenſibly his heart was "affected by, and partook of, the afflictions "of his friends; beſide, he himſelf had a

"ſtrong

" ſtrong attachment to my father. He " made no references to the ſubject of his " former letter, which had been miſlaid in " the grief of the terrible moment in which " it was received, and I had almoſt forgot " its contents. He only ſaid he ſhould go " immediately to Dreſden, being deſirous " to ſee his ſiſter before he returned into " Ruſſia; he added that, if it were poſſible, " he would alſo come to Ronebourg, but " durſt not promiſe; and, in fact, did not " come.

" Wherefore, Oh! wherefore did he not " then confide to me the fatal ſecret?—— " Yet, no doubt, his delicacy would not " ſuffer him to increaſe my preſent pangs, " by informing me of an event of which I " could not help knowing myſelf to be the " original cauſe.

" Three

"Three months more paſſed away, ſtill "more ſorrowful, ſtill more painful than the "preceding. I had but one object of at- "tention; filial affection was, now, ſolely "attached to my mother, whom I beheld "daily decline, without other hope, other "conſolation, than that of ſoothing her "laſt moments. At length, I loſt her, "alſo. Her pure ſoul quitted its terreſtrial "reſidence, and rejoiced at the hope of once "again meeting her huſband, and expiring "in the arms of her ſon.

"Pardon, Oh Caroline! this gloomy "narrative. I have need of the ſupport of "former misfortunes to enable me to endure "the preſent; and am obliged to retrace "antecedent loſſes, now, when I ſuffer one "which might have conſoled me for them "all. It is neceſſary for me inceſſantly to re- "member that man is born to be unhappy,

"and

" and that misery is his portion; that he is
" successively to lose every object he held
" most dear, and for whom he only wished
" to live. No, happiness is not for man—
" at least only for one man—and his virtues,
" perhaps, make it his right. I, certainly,
" ought not to murmur.

" After the death of my father, I fled
" from Ronebourg; it was become a hated
" place, as well by the double loss I so
" lately had sustained as by the act of bar-
" barity I formerly had committed there.
" I returned to Berlin and Potsdam, where
" I passed the remainder of the winter, and
" lived still more retired than the year be-
" fore. The Count wrote seldom, and,
" when he did, his style seemed embarrassed
" and gloomy; and, at length, I began to
" perceive there was something which lay
" heavy at his heart. I told him so, he

" owned

" owned it, but deferred a full explanation " till he ſhould ſee me in perſon. This " was to be in the following autumn, which " was the time, alſo, he had fixed for my " marriage with his ſiſter. ' Thy deſtiny ' and mine,' ſaid he, ' Lindorf, will then be ' finally determined. Oh! may they be ' happy! Or, if I myſelf am obliged to ' renounce bliſs, may, at leaſt, the felicity ' of my ſiſter and my friend ſupply the loſs ' of what I dare not hope!'

" I ſuppoſed he had a paſſion for ſome " Ruſſian lady, and that he found inſur- " mountable obſtacles; but, reſpecting his " ſecret, I ceaſed my inquiries. I likewiſe " occaſionally received ſhort letters from " Matilda, which always were firſt ſent to " her brother. Her aunt remained fixed in " her opinion, and had written for the young " Baron de Zaſtrow to return from his tra-

" vels. Her inheritance was only to be
" Matilda's on condition this marriage took
" place; but the generous girl was ready
" to forego every advantage, and aſked me,
" with an affecting openneſs of heart, whe-
" ther I was not of her opinion, and whe-
" ther it were not a thouſand times better
" to have leſs riches and more happineſs.
" For my part, I little regretted the loſs of
" Madame de Zaſtrow's fortune; for my
" own, by the death of my parents, had
" become conſiderable, and was very large-
" ly increaſed by the deceaſe of the Com-
" mander of Riſberg, my maternal uncle.
" He lived, like a hermit, on the eſtate I at
" preſent inhabit; would never ſee me while
" living, and left me all his wealth at
" his death, under the condition, however,
" that I ſhould marry within two years,
" and give the name of Riſberg to my
" eldeſt ſon. My engagements with Ma-
" tilda made the fulfilling of this clauſe

" apparently

" apparently eaſy; and, perhaps, too, this
" motive might have contributed to decide
" Madame de Zaſtrow in my favour.

" Since that time, Caroline, how kind
" have I thought the obligation laid on me
" by my uncle's will! How ſweet has the
" idea been of marrying within much leſs
" than the time preſcribed! How many
" future joys did I dare expect, and how
" ſincerely did I bleſs my uncle's memory!
" —At preſent, I renounce, for ever re-
" nounce his gift. I pretend not to wealth
" to which I have no right; and will quit
" an eſtate, to-morrow, to which I am
" never to return. What to me are riches
" and eſtates? Or what, alas! can I ſuffer
" now?—I have nothing to loſe!

" Oh pardon! pardon! Caroline! How
" may the vows of a wretch whom it is

" your duty to forget affect you? I add
" to my crimes by continuing to adore you;
" and the purpose of this writing is to
" make reparation.

" Determined no longer to remain at
" Ronebourg, which retraced sorrowful
" thoughts, only, and heart-rending recol-
" lections, and which, beside, is too far
" distant from the capital, I was delighted
" with the acquisition of Risberg, and
" came to take possession, at the beginning
" of the summer, a short time after my
" uncle's decease. —— Caroline —— It is
" here, at this place, at this moment, that
" I have need of all my fortitude to con-
" tinue the fatal recital. —— Angel adored!
" can I speak to you of yourself, and of
" what my feelings were, and are, and
" not expire!

" Sacred

"Sacred and pure friendſhip! Thou "who ſhouldeſt expiate the crimes Love "hath committed, thou who, henceforth, "only ſhouldeſt find place in my heart, re- "turn and animate my zeal; once more "return, and ſuſtain relapſing Nature!

"I was charmed with my new abode, "yet did not intend to ſtay here long; and "was, therefore, deſirous of examining the "neighbourhood. The evening before that "day on which I firſt beheld you, at the "window of the pavilion, I had acciden- "tally paſſed and heard thoſe ſweet and "harmonious ſounds, that affecting and an- "gelic voice, the impreſſions of which have "ſince been ſo powerful, and the effects of "which, indeed, I felt the very moment "they firſt were heard. Never before had "I heard a voice of ſo much ſenſibility. I "liſtened for ſome time after you had ceaſed

"to ſing, and ſtill thought I heard ſounds "ſo correſpondent to the feelings of my "heart. Nay, I continued to hear them, "even at a diſtance; and, the next day, "impatiently viſited the ſame place.

"Paſſionately fond of muſic, to that "alone did I attribute that irreſiſtible at- "traction by which I was led thither. I "will, however, confeſs I was, indeed, moſt "deſirous to ſee the perſon of her whoſe "power over the heart I found ſo great; "but this I attributed to curioſity. I "imagined that, by ſinging with you, I "might bring you to the window; and the "ſtratagem was ſucceſsful. I beheld you! "Though but for a moment; but that mo- "ment was ſufficient. The impreſſion it "made never can be forgotten; and my "firſt wiſh was I might have beheld you "ever.

"Where-

"Wherefore, Oh! wherefore may I not
"dwell on incidents once so dear to me-
"mory? Wherefore not retrace each cir-
"cumstance, recount each rapturous event
"of time which fled so swift away; and
"which has left mementos so fatal in my
"heart! Ah! happy I! when, my soul
"absorbed by sensations of bliss so pure,
"sensations of which, till then, I had been
"wholly ignorant, I existed only at Rin-
"daw, forgotten of the world beside!
"Ah how happy! when, leaving you in
"the evening, my sole idea was that of
"seeing you again on the morrow; and
"while that idea was so vast, so perfect,
"that it excluded every other! Not those
"burning, resistless, and tumultuous sensa-
"tions that Louisa inspired; nor yet that
"monotonous tranquillity, that indolence
"of heart, and apathy of sense, Matilda
"gave, did I feel. No; the charm was

"new, delicious, exquisite! It was another "world which Caroline embellished! I "beheld her in every surrounding object; "or, rather, I beheld no other object but "her. The only letter I wrote, during two "months, was to ask permission to pass the "summer at Risberg, which I obtained, "and I thought those two months an eter-"nity! The past forgotten, to the future "blind, the present was Heaven, for Caro-"line was present!

"Yet wherefore seek to redouble my "torments, by painting happiness foregone? "Alas! I had forgotten that I ought no "more to speak of myself; forgotten that "Caroline is the wife of the best, the sub-"limest of mortals!—Yes, of him I will "speak, of him only.

"About

"About a month since, I received a "letter from him; and this letter first "awakened me from this inebriety of plea- "sure. He complained of my silence, at "which Matilda, likewise, was not less "surprised. Matilda!——The very name "rent my heart, and made me feel it was "wholly Caroline's.——I laid down the "letter, and it was long before I had the "fortitude again to read. At length I took "it up once more, and the following pas- "sage restored me to life."—'Have you,' 'said Walstein, 'changed your opinion, 'either respecting Matilda or our future 'destinies, and do you fear to own it, Lin- 'dorf? All you have to fear is to leave us 'either in incertitude, or error. I refer you 'to the letter I wrote, last autumn, rela- 'tive to this subject: read it again, and re- 'collect well that the only thing I never 'could pardon would be your having de-

'ceived, and ſacrificed your happineſs to,
'me. Write to me, immediately, Lindorf,
'and be careful to let me know the true
'ſtate of your heart, as the only means by
'which you can prove it has ſuffered no
'change in friendſhip:' &c.——"This
"was a ray of light to my bewildered mind,
"and, at once, informed me what my ſenti-
"ments for Caroline were, and what my
"duty towards the beſt of friends. Alas!
"I thought to fulfil them all by placing the
"moſt entire confidence in him; by re-
"lating the truth, and entreating him to
"diſpoſe of me at his will. How might I
"know that this very confidence was an
"outrage, and that I aſked his conſent to
"rob himſelf of the moſt precious of Hea-
"ven's bleſſings?——Impelled by ſome
"dreadful fatality, I ſeem deſtined to
"offend in every manner, and at all times,
"this moſt noble of men. Oh! Walſtein!
"Walſtein!

"Walſtein! might thy greateſt enemy have "injured thee as I have done!——Yet "ſhould this writing have the effect which "I expect, and even hope—Yes, hope— "If ſhe who reads it can feel the ineſti- "mable value of a ſoul like thine, what "ſhall I then have to lament?

"I here add a copy of the letter, No. III. "which I ſent to the Count, the very day "I received his. Condeſcend to run it "over, it will be the laſt time you will have "occaſion to remember an unfortunate man "who himſelf entreats you would for ever "forget him; yet, as ſome ſmall alleviа- "tion, wiſhes you to ſee how infinitely you "were once adored."

NUMBER III.

Copy of a Letter from the Baron of LINDORF *to the Count of* WALSTEIN, *Ambaſſador at Peterſburg.*

'You have but too truly divined, my 'dear Count, what are the preſent feelings 'of my heart. I have a ſecret to relate, the 'relation of which is become the more 'painful by having been ſo long delayed. 'Yet, believe me when I declare, it was 'your letter that firſt informed me what my 'feelings truly were; and that, till the mo- 'ment I received it, I remained in uncon- 'ſcious ſecurity; or, rather, in the enjoy- 'ment of ſenſations the moſt congenial my 'ſoul has ever known, without once in- 'quiring whence they originated.—Love, 'that true that pure love, of which you, 'my friend, have ſo often ſpoken, and

'which I never felt before; love is the se-
'cret, love the source of this my happi-
'ness; the only happiness of which man
'is capable! Ah! did you know how the
'two last months have glided away! They
'have been but as a moment, and yet
'have I volumes to write concerning them,
'though not a single incident which Wal-
'stein will not approve.—Oh, my friend!
'in her are united every talent, every grace,
'and every virtue. Beauty is the least of
'her advantages; for, infinite as that is, it
'is remembered no more when the sound of
'her voice is heard, when her fingers touch
'the chords of harmony, or animate the
'lifeless canvass. She alone seems igno-
'rant of the wondrous pleasure she herself
'creates. Did you hear her sing, Walstein!
'Oh! did you listen while she reads our
'best poets, adding a meaning more pro-
'found; and feeling superior even to what

'they themſelves imagined; did you, eſpe-
'cially, ſee how ſhe is adored by all around
'her; were you a witneſs of her affectionate
'attentions to an infirm and blind friend;
'what a bleſſing ſhe renders life to one
'who, elſe, might find life her ſevereſt
'affliction; were you where I am!——
'Yes, I might have my fears, but not that
'you would blame my choice.

'I feel too well any longer to doubt that,
'without her, for me there cannot be hap-
'pineſs. She only taught me to know
'what it was, nor, till her I knew, had I
'any conception of that ſweet peace of
'mind which I imagined ſo incompatible
'with love. I am no longer the ſame.
'It is ſhe who has wholly changed me.
'The headſtrong, impetuous Lindorf, hap-
'py in her ſight, happy when ſhe ſpeaks,
'moſt happy in the progreſs he daily makes

'in

'in her affections, dares hope he is beloved
'though he has never dared to aſk, having
'been too much enraptured with preſent
'enjoyment. Thus might I have paſſed
'a whole life away had not your letter
'awakened me from this trance of beatitude!
'I feel, at preſent, without the conſent of
'my friend, without the certitude that my
'felicity will not be injurious to that of
'others, this my viſion of bliſs muſt end!
'Can Matilda, the generous, the tender
'Matilda, preſerve eſteem and friendſhip
'for one who could ſee yet not adore her;
'and who, certain of being bleſſed in her
'poſſeſſion, if ſo his wayward heart had
'pleaſed, knew not to defend himſelf
'againſt tyrannic love? And can you, dear
'Walſtein, pardon and eſteem me ſtill; me
'whom you had beforetime ſo much reaſon
'to deteſt, whom yet you deſtined to be
'your brother; and who renounces a name

'ſo

'so endearing? Yet, no, I do not renounce
'it, but refer the decision of what I am to be
'to you. Be you umpire; for, here I vow,
'whatever you determine that will I be-
'come. If the husband of Matilda, I
'cannot promise to forget my passion, it is
'too much a part of myself; but it shall
'remain for ever hidden in the most secret
'corner of my heart. Ay, so that even you
'yourself shall forget its existence. This
'involuntary and concealed wrong, far
'from injuring, shall but increase your
'sister's happiness.—Remember this and
'reflect on it well, dear Walstein, before
'you write, however impatient I may be
'for an answer. Yes, Walstein, remem-
'ber it is the sentence of your friend, and
'that, after it is pronounced, I will either
'never see her more, or kneel at her feet,
'and consecrate to her my future life! Till
'then I will be silent, till then she shall

'remain

'remain ignorant of how much she is 'adored!——If seeing her every day, and 'every day still more beauteous and more 'enchanting, I have yet been able to keep 'my secret, think you not, if you require 'it, I shall keep it when I behold her no 'more? While life remains it never shall 'escape my lips, if I find it necessary to 'renounce her; not even you, Walstein, 'shall ever know her name; it shall re-'main buried in my bosom, and never 'once rise to my lips: if, on the contrary, 'I obtain your consent, with transport will 'I inform you of one who merits the ado-'ration of the universe. And most delighted 'shall I be to hear a friend, like Walstein, 'applaud my choice and participate my 'joys; but, again, I repeat, these joys 'cannot exist should they cost Matilda a 'tear, or her brother so much as a sigh.'

"Such,

"Such, Caroline, was my letter, and thus "did every thing contribute to blind me, "even to the omitting informing my friend "of your name; one single word and you "had been known to the Count, which at "least would have prevented the declara- "tion I have made to you of a criminal "passion. I had been less guilty, but I "thought this a respect due to yourself; "for what right had I to name a person to "whom I was not certain of being at "liberty to offer my hand? Another motive, "also, made me silent. Your immense "fortune, at the remembrance of which "I have, more than once, grieved, and "which would even have prevented me "from declaring my sentiments had my "own been less considerable, might have "influenced the Count in his decision, and "I wished him to be wholly free from in- "fluence. It was enough, nay, indeed,

"too

" too much, to own that my future hap-
" pineſs depended on this deciſion, and I
" waited in expectation of his anſwer with
" exceſſive anxiety. Sometimes, relying
" on his generoſity and principles, my
" heart yielded to all the flatteries of hope;
" at others, knowing how tenacious he was
" of the project he had formed, and his great
" affection for his ſiſter, I dreaded he would
" require the ſacrifice of my paſſion; and
" this ſacrifice, to the performance of which
" I had pledged myſelf, ſeemed beyond my
" ſtrength.

" Yet, ſo powerful were the mild ſenſa-
" tions you inſpired, it was only when ab-
" ſent from you I ever found myſelf tor-
" mented by theſe apprehenſions of horror.
" The moment I beheld you they diſap-
" peared; and the ſame tranquillity, or,
" rather the ſame dreams of bliſs, again
" recurred.

" recurred. To these every inquietude gave
" place, and it seemed impossible this hap-
" pineſs, so pure, so permanent, could
" suffer interruption. The tender friend-
" ship which you, with ingenuity so un-
" reserved, testified for me; the evident
" and partial goodness of the Baroness; the
" discourse she herself held in your absence;
" all aided the deception, and contributed
" to make me fancy myself the most blessed
" of mortal men. But so, indeed, I was,
" and three months of joys so heavenly, so
" unspeakable as these, well might com-
" pensate for an age of torments, did not
" the certainty that they never can return
" empoison the remainder of a wretched
" life.——Yes, whenever this wretchedness
" shall become too oppressive for nature
" to support, then will I return to Rindaw,
" and say, here did I pass three months

" with

" with Caroline, and can I complain of
" being miſerable?

" At length I received the anſwer ſo
" much dreaded and ſo much deſired.
" My impatience, too, daily had become
" ſo great that I was every moment in fear
" leſt my ſecret ſhould eſcape my lips.
" I rode, therefore, myſelf to Berlin, to
" inquire at the poſt-office, and found
" the letter lying there. So great was my
" tremor, at receiving it from the poſt-
" maſter, that he imagined I was ill, and
" aſked if I wanted aid. I begged him to
" let me retire to a chamber and read it,
" and, when alone, I remained almoſt a
" quarter of an hour without daring to
" touch the ſeal. Yet how could I juſtify
" this exceſſive emotion? Did not I know
" Walſtein? How, indeed, unleſs preſaging
" Nature was informing me of my involun-
" tary

" tary crime? In fine, my agitation increaſed
" ſo much that I left the room without open-
" ing the letter, reſolved not to read it till
" I came home. I, therefore, mounted my
" horſe, but had ſcarcely got a hundred
" yards out of town before I ſuddenly
" alighted, hung my horſe to a gate, and
" broke the ſeal which encloſed my ſen-
" tence, reſolved, had it been ſuch as I
" feared it might, never to return to Rin-
" daw more. My project, in ſuch a caſe,
" was immediately to depart to the Count,
" at Peterſburg, and ſeek from him that
" fortitude I found not in myſelf. But Fate,
" to make my puniſhment the greater,
" ſuffered my deluſion to continue and in-
" creaſe. Oh! Caroline, imagine what my
" raptures were when I read the letter I
" have here incloſed."

NUMBER IV.

From the Count of WALSTEIN *to the Baron of* LINDORF, *at Berlin.*

Peterſburg, Aug. 15, 17—

'Love, dear Lindorf, of her and Love: 'think of theſe, and remember not aught 'elſe the univerſe contains. Or, ſhould 'Love grant a moment to Friendſhip, em-'ploy that moment to aſſure thyſelf that a 'friend participates thy joys.——Happy 'Lindorf! Thou loveſt and art beloved! 'Thou haſt found the mate of thy heart, 'the ſympathizing mind which the ſupreme 'Creator modelled after thy own; his 'fiat formed ye for each other. And 'feareſt thou then I ſhould oppoſe a decree 'ſo immutable; that I ſhould tear thee 'from her who was written thine in the 'firſt records of eternity? Thy letter has

'removed

'removed all doubts; not a phraſe, not a
'word is there which does not breathe love.
'It is a paſſion thou knoweſt too well how
'to deſcribe not both to feel it and inſpire.
'In thee I behold that ſupreme felicity
'the ſeeds of which have been depoſited in
'my own heart, and of which I have ſome-
'times doubted the actual exiſtence. Some-
'thing of it I beheld in the loves of Louiſa
'and Juſtin, but this I attributed to
'country ſimplicity, and ſuppoſed it im-
'poſſible to be found elſewhere. Oh! how
'grateful is it to my heart to know that
'this felicity has been realized by my friend,
'to have proof it is not wholly baniſhed
'this earth; and of theſe proofs thy letter
'is full; even to that ſacrifice which thou
'with ſuch ſincerity offereſt, but which I
'ſhould be a barbarian to accept. My
'affection for my ſiſter, were yours, Lin-
'dorf, out of the queſtion, would enſure

'my

'my refusal. You are a man of honour, and
'I know you sincere when you assure me
'you would be careful never to let Matilda
'perceive she was not the wife of your heart;
'but how might you keep this fatal secret?
'Alas, my friend, I am convinced it is
'impossible so to deceive a woman, and the
'misery of both would be the inevitable
'consequence of a discovery.

'No, Lindorf, I wish your delicacy and
'conscience to be wholly at ease, respecting
'our dear Matilda. I own she is strongly
'attached to you, and that you are the first
'and only man who has made any progress
'in her affections. But, whether it be the
'effect of character, education, or of youth,
'her sensations are not of that profound and
'determined species on which the happiness
'or misery of life depends; nor am I cer-
'tain

'tain that we ought to give them the name 'of love.

'It has seemed to me that her feelings 'are rather the effect of a fervid imagina- 'tion than of the heart, which, perhaps, 'have been heightened by opposition; and 'that friendship has been mistaken for love. 'During my late visit, at Dresden, I was 'struck with the levity, and even gaiety, 'with which she supported your absence 'and her own chagrin. It is true, she al- 'ways speaks of you with infinite tender- 'ness, but she laughed and cried both in a 'breath; and, a moment after she had 'vowed eternal love for you, would begin 'to sing and dance. I was not uneasy on 'this account, because, I own, I partly 'foresaw what has happened; and, sup- 'posing I had been deceived in this, I, for 'my own part, was well pleased with this

'kind

'kind of paſſion; if you were united it 'might become every thing you wiſhed, and, 'if not, Matilda might eaſily receive con-'ſolation, and be glad to hear of your hap-'pineſs elſewhere. The young Baron de 'Zaſtrow is returned, and, as I am in-'formed, is a handſome youth. He, per-'haps, may contribute to her tranquillity; 'but, be it as it may, make not yourſelf 'uneaſy; reſt aſſured that both brother 'and ſiſter will find their happineſs in yours. 'I, therefore, releaſe you from every obliga-'tion, dear Lindorf, and only have to 'blame you for having ſuppoſed it poſſible 'I could do otherwiſe. Fly, the moment 'you have received this letter, and pay your 'homage to the lady you love, and who, 'if I may judge from your deſcription, ſo 'tranſcendantly deſerves to be beloved; nor 'have I any cauſe to doubt it, for, with all

'the enthuſiaſm of paſſion, you ſeem to 'have preſerved the coolneſs of reaſon. How 'impatient am I to judge for myſelf! To 'ſee, hear, and, as you yourſelf ſay, to ap-'plaud your choice! Nor will it be long 'before I ſhall enjoy this pleaſure. Prepara-'tions are made for my return to Berlin; 'you muſt direct no more letters to me at 'Peterſburg. I ſhall be on the road when 'you receive this, and ſoon afterwards 'in your arms. We ſhall then, dear Lin-'dorf, no longer have any thing to conceal 'from each other, for hitherto we have 'mutually had ſome reſerve. I ſhall learn 'who your beloved is, and you will then 'be informed of a ſecret which, hitherto, a 'combination of circumſtances has obliged 'me to keep; nay, indeed, to have afflicted 'you would but have added to my own 'grief, for my ſorrows were of a kind that

'admitted

'admitted not of alleviation. When I re-
'turn they, perhaps, may ceaſe, and, per-
'haps, alſo, I may then be deſtined never
'to enjoy that felicity which I do not envy
'you, Lindorf, but which yet I moſt ar-
'dently wiſh to partake. Oh! my friend,
'there is another *She*, another beloved, in
'exiſtence, who, when you ſhall know, will
'not a little ſurpriſe you.—But not a word
'of this till I ſee you. I hope to find you
'either happy or on the point of becoming
'ſo. This, at leaſt, is a certain bliſs; and,
'with this, if ſo my deſtiny ſhould decree,
'I muſt endeavour to reſt content. Fare-
'well! Should you mention your friend to
'the miſtreſs of your heart, ſhould you tell
'her ſhe has ſuperſeded his ſiſter, tell her
'likewiſe ſhe has gained a brother, nay,
'perhaps, a ſiſter alſo, of whom may ſhe
'become the friend, and whom may ſhe
'render as much alive to love as ſhe herſelf

'is. That she may, however, love you, 'Lindorf, equal to your deserts, is the ar-'dent prayer of

'WALSTEIN.

P. S. 'Were you not in love I scarcely 'could pardon you two thoughtless omis-'sions; the first, not having dated your 'letter, so that I neither know how long 'it has been coming, nor where you at 'present are; I suppose at Berlin, and, 'therefore, have directed as usual; the se-'cond, your not having said a word of your 'late uncle, the commander, nor of his 'will. You find I have heard of it, 'though, and I congratulate you on this 'addition to your fortune. The clause by 'which you are obliged to marry within two 'years will not be the least impediment to 'your succession. Once more, farewell, I

'am

'am impatient till we meet, and till I have 'said the thousand things I have to say.'

"You know the rest, Caroline: I have "done. It is not for words to tell you "what I felt, either after reading this let- "ter or after finding how presumptuous "and culpable my hopes had been. I "began this manuscript the moment I got "home, yesterday. The time has been "short; my wearied hand and eyes scarce "have power to trace an adieu which my "tears would efface; or to supplicate your "pardon for an unfortunate man who has "disturbed your present tranquillity. Oh! "may he be wholly forgotten by you, and "may you recover that peace, that serenity "of soul without which happiness may not "be. Oh! Caroline, believe the friend "who knows your heart better, at this mo- "ment, than you yourself, and who knows,

"alſo, the man to whom, henceforth, it is "your duty to conſecrate this your heart, "your life; it is with him, only, by making "him as happy as he deſerves, that you "can find happineſs yourſelf. But you "have read, and juſtice and love by this "muſt have paſſed ſentence. This ſen- "tence cannot but be in favour of Wal- "ſtein, and I have nothing more to add.

"I have not yet come to any determina- "tion reſpecting myſelf; I neither know "what I ſhall do or what ſay, to Wal- "ſtein. I ought, perhaps, to tell him all; "but a word, which eſcaped me in my let- "ter, a word I would redeem with my life, "has for ever ſealed my lips.

"No, Caroline, never ſhall theſe lips, or "this heart, pronounce your name. I "will even deprive myſelf of that conſola- "tion. Farewell, Caroline farewell—For

"ever!

" ever!——Ay, for ever; for never more
" muſt I ſee you unleſs I could ceaſe to love
" you. Oh! might this love become ſo ſancti-
" fied that I might only behold, in you, the
" wife of Walſtein! Oh! might I reſtore each
" of you a friend worthy of yourſelves!—
" This or death is all I have to hope!—
" Adieu, adieu! I fly to give you this; once
" more to behold you—No, not to behold.
" I will not look on Caroline! You are the
" wife of my friend; the Counteſs of Wal-
" ſtein. Yes, to the Counteſs of Walſtein
" I am bringing theſe papers, this picture.
" Caroline is no longer in being; not Lin-
" dorf's Caroline!—You are now at the pa-
" vilion, I fly. Oh! Heaven grant me forti-
" tude, ſuſtain me in this fearful moment."

We ſhall not attempt to deſcribe what were the ſenſations of Caroline after what ſhe had read. Who may expreſs all that

passed in a heart divided between love, remorse, admiration, and, perhaps, even a tincture of jealousy? Louisa and Matilda, by turns, drew her attention; she read again the passages that related to them. What fire, what enthusiasm did she find in Lindorf's expression of his passion for Louisa, compared to the feelings she had observed when in company with herself! She was tempted to believe that the latter were little more than the result of tranquil friendship. As to the young Matilda—how happy was she, who dared love Lindorf and own her passion!—Ay, but how much to be pitied; not to be beloved again! Charming Matilda! Generous Walstein! Ye merit not ingratitude from others!

Caroline well recollected that, during the week preceding her marriage, the Count had mentioned his sister, and the hope that

Caroline

Caroline and she would become friends; but, as she was then wholly absorbed in meditating on the means of separation, she had paid little attention to his discourse. But ah! how bitter was the remembrance of having injured this Matilda, this sister; injured her beyond reparation; robbed her of a heart over which her claims were so numerous, and so legitimate! It was true she did not seem sufficiently to know the value of this heart, thought Caroline, as she again perused the letter of the Count to Lindorf; and, though the apparent want of sensibility in Matilda was in every respect a subject of consolation to Caroline, yet could she scarcely pardon her.

Deep in thought, on the many and strange events she just had read, sat Caroline, and perceived not that it was noon, when a servant came from the Baroness to seek her.

She haſtily gathered up the papers that were ſpread open around her, and locked them up in her bureau; but, as ſhe was going, ſhe perceived the box, containing the portrait, ſtill on the table; this ſhe ſlipped into her pocket, and ran to the Baroneſs.

Caroline found her with a note ſhe had received from Lindorf, which ſhe could not read. "Here, my dear," ſaid the Canoneſs, as ſhe entered, "open this, and let me hear what our dear young Gentleman ſays, whom we have not ſeen for theſe two days; we ſhall learn why he is abſent; I cannot tell thee how much I miſs him." The melancholy Caroline, expecting what the contents would be, ſighed, raiſed her eyes to Heaven, and took the note. It contained compliments to the ladies; informed them he, Lindorf, was forced to depart immediately, on very eſſential and preſſing buſineſs; could

not

not have the honour of seeing them again; assured them, however, he never could forget them, and earnestly hoped a continuance of their esteem and friendship.

Yes, certainly, Caroline knew, before she read, the contents of this note; it was no surprise to her; yet was she so affected as scarcely to be able to pronounce a word. The conviction she should see him no more, that all intercourse between them was over, the cold and studied contrast of this billet, compared to the manuscript she just had read, the words esteem and friendship, traced by the same hand that so lately had painted, with such enthusiasm, the strongest sensations of the soul, the constraint she was under by the presence of the Baroness, all conspired to render her situation almost insupportable. Might one easily suppose her distress could suffer augmentation? Scarcely had she fi-

niſhed the note, ſuppreſſing her ſobs, though the tears ran inceſſantly down her cheeks, when, taking her handkerchief out of her pocket, the box, which ſhe had juſt put in it, and which was then far from her thoughts, fell at her feet, and, lying open, on the ground, preſented that form, and thoſe features which ſhe had before feared to look on. The accident was a very trifling one, yet did it make an incredible impreſſion on Caroline; ay, as great as though the Count himſelf, in perſon, had ſtood before her and reproached her for infidelity. Her exclamation was almoſt a ſhriek. She ſtooped for the box, turned away her eyes, as ſhe picked it up, and haſtily ran from the chamber, without knowing why or from whom ſhe fled—She preſently recovered, returned and found the Canoneſs ſurpriſed at the cry ſhe had uttered, and her ſudden flight; and ſtill more affected at the fare-

well

well billet of Lindorf, and this his ſo unexpected departure.

The diſorder in her eyes was a cataract; which, daily increaſing, had too far injured her ſight to ſee the picture. Caroline might ſay what ſhe pleaſed, and it was much more eaſy to avoid an explanation concerning that than to anſwer the queſtions, ſuppoſitions, and lamentations of the Baroneſs on the departure of Lindorf, which were unceaſing. It broke all her meaſures, diſconcerted all her projects, and abſolutely threw her into deſpair! Caroline, afflicted as ſhe herſelf was, yet was obliged to exhauſt her imagination to comfort her friend. The beſt mode, no doubt, would have been to have proved, by confeſſing her marriage, how chimerical all theſe her projects were. Caroline, who, at laſt, perceived what her views had been, in encouraging the viſits of Lindorf,

dorf, wiſhed to make this confeſſion; but it was now become ſo painful, ſo difficult, ſhe had not the power. How might ſhe ſo much as pronounce the name of the Count! How relate his wrongs! "I am the ſource of miſery to the moſt virtuous of human beings, the moſt ſublime, moſt worthy of felicity; and then, when I ought to have held myſelf bleſt, beyond the lot of women, then did I yield to antipathy, the moſt unreaſonable, the moſt unjuſt."

Thus reaſoned Caroline; nor was this antipathy the only ſenſation for which ſhe had cauſe to bluſh. The name of Lindorf was as painful to pronounce as that of Walſtein; ſhe reſolved, therefore, to wait the anſwer of her father, and the effect of time, ere ſhe ſpoke, and to ſupport, as well as ſhe was able, the regret of the Baroneſs for the abſence of Lindorf. In

fact,

fact, she regretted it too much herself not to find her heart in unison with that of her friend; and, however painful this continual subject of conversation might sometimes be, yet was she so interested in it that she seemed to listen as though it were fascination to her ears. She became still more assiduous in her attentions to the Baroness than before, who, being deprived of sight, had still more need of her cares. She went no more to the pavilion; her books and treasures were, one after another, brought back to her apartment; though her musical instruments and painting utensils were the last. The mind must be at ease before it can wholly devote itself to, and coolly consider, any subject. Caroline, whenever alone, was constantly reading her manuscript and letters, ruminating on the beauteous Louisa, the young Matilda, and the Count; sitting lost in a multitude of unconnected ideas,

which

which were usually succeeded by a flood of tears. She, likewise, became so familiar with the picture, that, at last, she was never easy but when looking at it, and never beheld it without emotion; nay, even not without pleasure. "Great God!" would she say, with her eyes fixed on the features, "if, to so many virtues, a person so noble and a countenance so expressive were added, what mortal might be worthy of him? If!—Why do I say if? Who at present is worthy of Walstein? Am I? Oh! no, no; the best of men deserves the best of women; deserves a heart devoted to him, and him only!"

Leave we, for a time, the lovely Caroline to reflect, weep over, and alternately read the manuscript of Lindorf and the letters of Walstein; and let us see what became of the two friends. Indeed, the pro-

found

found ſolitude of Caroline, the monotony of her preſent life, and the ſtruggles of her heart, would but weary the reader. Not that it was dulneſs by which ſhe was tormented; no, it was a ſtate of continual agitation; the leaſt noiſe ſhe heard made her whole frame tremble and her blood run cold. Her imagination, inceſſantly employed on Lindorf and the Count, perſuaded her that one of the two would arrive at Rindaw. What! might ſhe think that Lindorf, who had baniſhed himſelf for ever from her preſence, would return? No: when ſhe reaſoned with herſelf, read his manuſcript, and recollected the obligations he was under to Walſtein, ſhe would exclaim, with conviction, "Never, never ſhall I ſee him more." But love and imagination do not always reaſon; and, unconſcious of it herſelf, perhaps ſhe thought, more than once,

once, he would not have the fortitude to keep his resolution.

She was deceived. At the farther part of Silesia, in his melancholy mansion of Ronebourg, Lindorf repented of his involuntary crime with tears and groans, and thought the expiation of a life scarcely sufficient atonement. Alas! how often was he tempted to terminate that life he no longer could consecrate to Caroline, and which had, hitherto, been so fatal to the best of friends! But he knew them both too well not to be certain that such an act would for ever destroy their happiness and tranquillity. He read the Sorrows of Werter, but they produced a very different effect to what might have been expected. The despair of Charlotte, of Albert, the friend of Werter, were terrible; and, more generous than the latter,

Lindorf

Lindorf would rather live and ſuffer than empoiſon the felicity of thoſe he loved.

During the firſt part of his reſidence at Ronebourg life was become ſo odious to him, and the pain of ſupporting it appeared ſo great, that he thought, thus, by enduring this pain, to make ſome reparation for his wrongs, which idea was his only conſolation. We muſt likewiſe obſerve if his paſſions were violent they were the leſs likely to be eternal. Notwithſtanding his ſubtle diſtinction concerning the different ſpecies of love, he had adored Louiſa; and, though he had not the ſame extreme paſſion for Matilda, yet had ſhe, certainly, begun to make a conſiderable impreſſion on his heart, when ſhe was carried off. We have ſince ſeen to what exceſs he loved Caroline; hope we then that time, or ſome other paſſion, may cure him of this unfortunate love. His

heart

heart is too honeſt, his affection for Walſtein too ſincere, to make him endeavour to cheriſh ſentiments he knows to be criminal.

He had been a recluſe, more than a month, at Ronebourg, and his cure was not very far advanced when, one day, attempting, a ſecond time, to write to the Count, without well knowing what to ſay, he beheld the Count, himſelf, enter his chamber, and run into his arms. Surpriſed, at his arrival from Peterſburgh, not to find Lindorf at Berlin, and learning, from the ſervants he had left there, he was gone to Ronebourg, where he was alone, Walſtein, who dreaded ſome unexpected misfortune, waited only to pay his duty to the King and his good father-in-law, the High Chamberlain, and immediately departed to learn what might be the motives of this his ſingular retreat, at the very moment he ſuppoſed

him

him in the full enjoyment of happineſs. No ſooner were the firſt tranſports of ſurpriſe, emotion, and joy over, than the Count began his interrogations. They were dictated by the fears and affections of friendſhip. "Tell me, inſtantly, dear Lindorf," ſaid he, "wherefore do I find you here, alone, melancholy, with ſome ſecret malady at your heart, which your countenance but too plainly betrays? Unfold the cruel myſtery, my friend. What is become of the lady you loved? Why is ſhe not with you? Why not united to you? Wherefore is not my friend happy?"

The Count might have continued ſpeaking; for Lindorf, ignorant of his coming, unprepared to anſwer queſtions ſo terrible as theſe, kept a mournful ſilence. Walſtein was ſilent alſo; but he preſſed the hand of Lindorf, while his countenance, expreſſive

of

of the feelings of his heart, seemed to demand his confidence. At length, "What!" said he, "Lindorf, will you not tell me? Am I no longer your friend; the faithful guardian of your bosom secrets? and have I not a right to read what passes there?"

"Yes, yes," cried Lindorf, "you have every imaginable right over me; you are my friend, the best of friends, and never did I feel it more powerfully than at this moment, in which I am obliged to refuse you what you ask." The Count, amazed, fell back some paces. Lindorf continued, "Oh! my dear Walstein, recoil not from your unhappy friend, condemn him not too lightly. Silence is not my choice but the effect of absolute necessity; and, did you know, you must approve my motives. Restrained by honour, oaths, every thing most sacred, I may not betray a secret which regards

gards not me alone. Ask no more concerning this unfortunate affair, but pity him who is deprived of the melancholy resource of dividing his griefs."

The Count again went up to Lindorf, again took him by the hand, and his looks proved how much he was affected. "Restrained by honour and oaths!" said he; "my questions, then, all are ended; too well, myself, I know how far a secret promise is obligatory, and I am answered—Yet, is the misfortune without a remedy? Have you no hope?"

"None, none," replied Lindorf, with vehemence. "I have for ever lost her whom I adored; she exists no more"——Lindorf stopped; he was going to have added, *for me*, but was fearful of saying too much; and the Count exclaimed, "Good God! Lin-

dorf, exists no more! What! has death deprived you of her? Ah! dear and unfortunate Lindorf, how infinitely do I pity you!"

Lindorf wished to undeceive him, yet his fears again kept him silent; he dreaded lest Walstein should divine the truth, and, on consideration, was not sorry he had thus misunderstood him. His silence, therefore, confirmed this idea of death, and would destroy every supposition that might have alighted on Caroline. Walstein, however, had none: never had it entered his thoughts that his own wife was the woman so much beloved, so much regretted. He had been absent from Prussia, was equally ignorant of the situation of Rindaw, where he had never been, and of Risberg; nor did he even know that Lindorf had lived there, or there had formed the connection so fatal to

his repoſe. He knew, likewiſe, Caroline was living, and well, and remained perſuaded that ſome tragical event had robbed Lindorf's miſtreſs of life. The gloomy deſpair in which the latter remained, after this converſation, confirmed the idea. Walſtein endeavoured to calm and conſole him, and aſked if he would not return with him to Berlin.

"To Berlin!" cried Lindorf, with terror; "No, no, dear Walſtein, never, never. —I muſt quit this country; I muſt travel for ſome years: oppoſe not a reſolution abſolutely neceſſary and fixed. On your friendſhip I depend to obtain permiſſion, and the concluſion of peace makes me hope it will not be difficult to obtain. Should the King refuſe, I muſt reſign my commiſſion; I muſt depart, I muſt leave this country."

Ignorant of his real motives, the Count judged he had very urgent reasons for quitting Prussia, and was the less ready to search for objections because he thought a few years travelling might remove his anguish. He, therefore, promised to obtain the leave he desired; and, a few minutes after, added, "It is very possible, dear Lindorf, I may go with you."——"You, Walstein?"——"Yes, I, my friend; I, as well as you, perhaps, may have reasons for wishing to quit my country. We will go together, and we shall be the less unhappy.

"Unhappy!" cried Lindorf; "may you, may the Count of Walstein, speak of unhappiness!"

"I understand your surprise," said the Count, drawing nearer, "but it is time it should end; time it is that I should reveal a

secret

ſecret I have too long kept hidden. Can I, Lindorf, blame you for myſterious conduct, when you ſhall know that I have been married theſe ſix months?"

Lindorf affected not ſurpriſe; it was impoſſible, on ſuch an occaſion eſpecially, to feign what he did not feel; but his embarraſſment, the red flushings of his countenance, and his real ſenſations, there ſo marked, gave him the appearance of ſurpriſe. The Count continued.

"Yes, my friend, I am united to the moſt angelic of women; and yet am I far from being happy! I will relate all my mournful ſtory; at preſent it will be ſome conſolation, and may I bring that conviction home to you which I myſelf begin to experience; that in friendſhip, only, man ought to ſeek felicity."

Then did the Count enter on a narrative, bitter to the ſoul of Lindorf, which he had foreſeen, and which, of all tortures, he moſt had dreaded. The recital confirmed his miſfortunes, his remorſe, and lacerated his heart. What muſt be the impreſſion, on that agitated heart, of the name of Caroline, repeated every inſtant; a name ſo deeply engraven there, and of which he was obliged to diſſemble ignorance? Surely, if Lindorf had been guilty of involuntary wrongs, to this the moſt worthy of men, what he now ſuffered was ſufficient to expiate all his errors. The Count began his narrative far back; told Lindorf it was the King who, knowing the rich inheritance of Caroline, firſt projected this marriage, and had written to him concerning it while in Ruſſia. "The motive," ſaid Walſtein, "and even the will of my Sovereign, who was very warm on the ſubject, leſs influenced

me

me than the age and the kind of education of the young lady.

"Caroline of Lichtfield, ſtill very young, having lived recluſe in the country, and never ſeen any man who had made an impreſſion on her heart, ſeemed exactly the woman I had ſo long deſired. You know my ſyſtem was founded on an ignorance of the world, and of love. I certainly ſhall find means, ſaid I, to allure and attach this young heart; if not by love, at leaſt, by friendſhip ſo powerful and gratitude ſo tender that they may well ſupply the want of this paſſion. Firſt appearances will be againſt me; but ſucceeding trials and better acquaintance will aſcertain our mutual happineſs. Full of this dear, this flattering idea, I anſwered the King with rapture, aſſuring him I ſhould eſteem myſelf too happy might I but obtain the hand of the

young Baroneſs of Lichtfield. His Majeſty delayed not to reply that he had obtained the promiſe of the High Chamberlain, and commanded me to return, immediately, and conclude the marriage.

" I began my journey, but was obliged to remain at Dantzic, ill of a violent fever, which brought me to the brink of the grave; while you, dear Lindorf, were then fulfilling the firſt and moſt ſacred of duties to an expiring parent. It was two months before I was well enough to continue my journey. I arrived at Berlin, and had the diſappointment to find you were not there. I heard alſo, with anxiety, that my young bride had paſſed the two months of my illneſs at court. Ah! how many impediments might theſe two dreadful months have thrown in the way of happineſs! How might they have deranged my whole plan!

I ſtrove

I ſtrove not to conceal my fears from my ſovereign, who conſoled me with his uſual goodneſs: He had often, himſelf, obſerved Caroline, and had always found the ſame air of innocence, and cheerful ſprightlineſs, which ſhewed the heart to be at eaſe. "At leaving her retreat, I gave ſufficient intimation," added he, "of what my intentions were, purpoſely to keep all our young courtiers at a reſpectful diſtance; and, though your bride is an angelic young lady, not one of them have attempted to pay her the leaſt attention, more than politeneſs required; and Caroline, herſelf, without diſtinguiſhing one man above another, has ſought her own amuſement only." The ſame evening I was introduced to the Baron of Lichtfield, my future father, and, on the morrow, to the lovely Caroline."

Here the Count related the manner of his firſt viſit, which we have before circum-

ſtantially deſcribed; the averſion of Caroline, which ſhe could not diſſemble; and confeſſed that, no doubt, it would then have been more generous, more delicate, to have abandoned his intents, and that he even had thought ſo to have done; "but," added Walſtein, "it is eaſy to delude one's ſelf. Imagine, my friend, that this very ſlight, this emotion, ſo natural, ſo open, ſo unrepreſſed, which ought perhaps to have terrified, gave me, on the contrary, great pleaſure; and, on full reflection, made me more ardent to obtain her. In them I thought I beheld indubitable proof of that candour, that innocence of early youth, which I had feared leſt her reſidence at court might have tainted. Had ſhe been more artful ſhe would certainly have better concealed this firſt ſenſation of terror, and I inwardly thanked her for flying me thus. The moment I beheld her, the moment ſhe

entered,

entered, led by her father, her ingenuous, open and beautiful countenance, and the graces that were in every motion and in all her form, made their full impreſſion. She was exactly the perſon whom, had I had the beauties of the world aſſembled, I ſhould alone have ſelected.

"If I did not abſolutely believe that I no way contributed to the ſudden fear and flight of Caroline, it was not the fault of the High Chamberlain. I liſtened, however, with pleaſure, to his proteſtations; and, particularly, when he declared, on his word and honour, ſhe had, that very morning, aſſured him her heart was free, and that ſhe was very willing to be mine. "I have laid no conſtraint on her," ſaid he, and confirmed it with an oath; "and to-morrow, if her health permit, ſhe herſelf will tell you ſo."

"Alas! my friend, how readily does the heart believe what it ardently desires! I departed, almost convinced; and the morrow, and the future morrows, confirmed the illusion. I observed the young lady; she appeared exceedingly timid, but shewed not the least repugnance. Our marriage was fixed, by the King, for that day week, and she consented without asking any delay; nay, once, when delay was mentioned, she begged it might not take place. (The reader will no doubt here recollect the artifice of the High Chamberlain, and the fears of Caroline for her father's life.) I should have employed the intermediate time in endeavouring to gain her confidence and friendship; but, during the few visits I made, the Baron supposed etiquette required he should not leave us alone. (Here Walstein likewise mistook the High Chamberlain's motives.) She spoke little;

but

but that little had meaning, and was well timed, and discovered a mind that made me more and more enraptured with her, till I imagined myself the most fortunate of men.

"The evening before the ceremony was to be performed, I thought, however, I perceived marks of grief on her lovely countenance. Her eyes were red, her heart seemed heavy, and one might see she endeavoured to stifle her feelings. I was much affected at observing this, and, seizing the opportunity of a moment when we were unobserved, I, tenderly approaching her, said, "Beauteous Caroline, am I any way the cause of grief to you? Is it in my power, by any means, to give you ease?" She, timidly, looked down, and was silent. At last she softly answered, "An engagement for life will occasion fears; but I believe

you, Sir, to be good and generous, and that hope cheers me: on you, alone, my happiness will depend."

"I knew not how to interpret the manner in which she said this, and was going to reply, but her father came up; she then assumed her natural tone and manner, and seemed no longer to dread the approaching moment. How, then, was it possible I should divine her meaning; or presage the dreadful stroke that awaited me?"

The Count, then, relating all that had passed on the day of the marriage, took from his pocket-book the letter which Caroline had given him, and which has before been read. "Here, my friend," said he, to Lindorf, "take this; read, and see the dreadful reverse; behold the fearful traits of the fallen thunderbolt."

Lindorf

Lindorf had occaſion for all his fortitude. With a trembling hand, and with vague and abſent eyes, he took and run over lines traced by her he adored, in language moſt affecting, natural, and eloquent. He would have ſaid ſomething to the Count, as he returned it, but could not articulate a word. He flung himſelf into the arms of Walſtein, preſſed him to his boſom, and a tear, he could no longer detain, fell from his cheek.

Had the Count had the leaſt ſuſpicion of the truth, this exceſſive emotion might well have given it confirmation; but none he had, for none he ſought; his heart was a ſanctuary too holy for a gueſt ſo vile, and he beheld nothing but ſympathetic ſenſibility, heightened, perhaps, by ſympathy of ſituation.

"Dear Lindorf," ſaid he, when he was a little calm, "you feel too ſtrongly the

diſtreſs

distress of your friend; and I even fear I have unconsciously torn the bandage from your own wound. Some explanation, some stroke equally afflicting you may have sustained.—I see—I see I ought to have been silent, ought still to have concealed this fatal secret; your own pangs are sufficient, and I did you injustice when I supposed mine might afford you consolation. I perceive, on the contrary, they do but aggravate—Pardon, pardon, dear Lindorf. This proof of thy friendship, this too strong sensibility of what my feelings are, penetrate me to the very heart."

"O Walstein, Walstein," exclaimed Lindorf; and, sinking under the oppressive weight of remorse, hid his face with both his hands—He was going instantly to have discovered the real cause of this his emotion, but he remembered Caroline, and the

oath

oath he had made never to reveal what might, to her, have consequences so fatal; this, the first of duties, suddenly was recollected, and this stopped him short.

The Count, seeing him so deeply affected, wished to change the subject. His feelings, ever delicate, were ever averse to give others pain.—"Come, come, my friend," said he, "let us take a walk in your park, and we will speak on these matters another time." Accordingly, they went out together, and the Count discoursed on the country and the Court he had so lately left, and entered into most interesting and curious discussions; for his genius, naturally penetrating and observing, his rank, and the flattering distinctions paid him by the Empress, who highly respected him, gave him the power and the means of seeing and of judging.

This converſation, which Walſtein prolonged, and gave all the animation to in his power, purpoſely that Lindorf might recover himſelf, had the effect intended; he inſenſibly became calm, and afterwards highly delighted. No perſon had the art of captivating the ear and underſtanding like the Count of Walſtein; his mild and perſuaſive eloquence, the tone of his voice, which ſpoke to the heart, and his happy choice of words, rendered his converſation inexpreſſibly ſweet and agreeable: great knowledge, without pedantry or ſeeming conſciouſneſs that he poſſeſſed it, happy expreſſions, perſpicuity, and connection in all he ſaid, and that kind of honeſt inſinuation which adapts itſelf to, and draws forth, the powers of others, rendered him, indeed, a moſt amiable, as well as a moſt inſtructive companion. No perſon could be in his company without having learnt ſomething,

nor

nor without being exceedingly well satisfied with himself. Since his marriage, the Count had lost much of the gaiety of early youth, which even his accident had not before robbed him of; but it was replaced by a strong imagination, an energetic fire, which appertained to him only, and which could only by hearing him be perfectly conceived. While he spoke no auditor remembered his person, and, more than once, at Petersburg, it was his fault that the ladies did not entirely forget it. Let us add, now we are on the subject, that this person, so ill treated, was so much improved that Lindorf himself was surprised, and Caroline, who had seen him after a two months illness, would have been still more so, had she beheld him now. His hair, which had come off after the fever, had grown again in abundance, was of a fine colour, and well disposed. The scar on his face, greatly filled up, was

scarcely

ſcarcely apparent; he was no longer meagre, but had an appearance of youth and health, very different from the yellow and livid tints his malady had left, at the time of his marriage: a bit of green ſilk, and a ribband, properly diſpoſed, removed that diſguſt which the loſs of an eye might, at firſt ſight, have cauſed; and a little attention to himſelf had conſiderably corrected his habit of ſtooping; ſo that his ſhape ſeemed remarkable only by an eaſy and negligent attitude, much preferable to upright formality. It is true, he ſtill limped, but he was oftener ſeated than walking; hence we may well imagine that, with exceeding fine teeth, and infinite expreſſion in his countenance, the Count of Walſtein, then little above thirty, was not much an object of averſion. Had he been the ſame ſome months ſooner, Caroline would not have ſled, her letter would not have been written,

nor

nor would this history have existed. Every thing therefore is right; let us return to our two friends.

Their walk continued till dusk, and Lindorf, highly pleased with the company of his friend, and fascinated by his conversation, presently recovered himself perfectly. Impatient to know what were the resolutions of Walstein respecting Caroline, he intreated him to finish his history. "It is finished," answered the Count; "things remain just as they were. You know me too well, dear Lindorf, to imagine I should refuse a request made in terms so strong, so affecting, and even so reasonable, as was that of Caroline. I obtained, but not without some trouble, permission for her to return and live at Rindaw, with the friend by whom she had been educated. The King, not very well pleased, I suppose, that a

match

match of his making ſhould have this kind of concluſion, exacted the moſt profound ſecrecy.—

"But ought not I to have been an exception?" ſaid Lindorf, ſuddenly interrupting the Count—"Have I not cauſe, my friend, to reproach you for this ſecrecy? What! conceal the moſt intereſting event of your whole life from me!"

"I own it was wrong, dear Lindorf, and often have I reproached myſelf; but the King had commanded, and both my duties and obligations have given me the habit of paying the moſt ſcrupulous attention to his orders: yet, had we met, I ſhould certainly have told you; but the fear of a letter miſcarrying, and the conviction that my diſtreſs would have grieved you, were additional motives to ſecrecy; and, in fact,

my

my friend, by your present feelings, I find it is happy you were not acquainted with it sooner."

Lindorf made no reply, though he felt the exact contrary most forcibly; but he did not expect what was coming.

"Yes, my friend," added the Count, smiling, "you have youth and sensibility, and the Countess of Walstein is an angel; you would have asked permission to visit her, nay, I myself should have requested you so to do; you have since been in love, but your heart, then, was free, and might have been put to a trial so severe that I cannot but be happy to think you have escaped it. I own your sufferings from love may be the same; but what, Lindorf, would have been the excess of that wretchedness had the object of that love been the wife of your friend?

friend? Nay, even Caroline herſelf would have been too much expoſed to danger. I own, my dear Lindorf," ſaid Walſtein, tapping him on the ſhoulder, "though I love you as a friend, I ſhould fear you as a rival."

Poor Lindorf!—Happily it was twilight, and in a dark room; nay, perhaps, Lindorf had choſen this ſituation and hour, purpoſely, to renew the converſation. As ſoon as he could recover his ſpeech, "I hope," ſaid he, "Walſtein does not think, cannot imagine, I ever might be his rival. I hope he will do me the juſtice to believe that the title of his wife would be pledge ſufficient for my faith."

"Yes, if any faith might be kept with youth, grace, wit, and beauty," replied the Count. "But do not underſtand that ſeriouſly,

dear

dear Lindorf, which is not ſeriouſly meant; and which I ſhould not have ſaid, had there really been any danger.——At preſent you are but too much out of the power of love; beſides, you are not likely to ſee the Counteſs; nay, perhaps, even I myſelf."——

"You yourſelf!"

"Dear Lindorf, I know not how to act. Perhaps the impediments I have found may heighten ſenſations which a week's acquaintance ought not to have rendered very paſſionate; yet do they unceaſingly aſſault me. I more than ever feel my happineſs depends on living with Caroline, for Caroline, and by Caroline to be beloved, as much as a man like me may be beloved; yet never had I leſs hope of attaining theſe my ſo ardent deſires."

Lindorf

Lindorf liſtened with downcaſt eyes. "She ſtill remains at Rindaw," added the Count, "which, ſince our ſeparation, ſhe has never left; there living in a moſt profound retreat; unſeeing and unſeen, and debarred of all the pleaſures ſhe has every right to enjoy, and which her ſhort ſtay at court may, moſt probably, have taught her to regret. Indeed, I have been told ſhe ſeemed exceedingly fond of dancing; yet, might it be believed, all theſe pleaſures, theſe wiſhes ſo natural at ſixteen, have been leſs powerful with her than the dreadful antipathy ſhe has conceived to me! This has given her force and fortitude incredible, and Caroline, with pleaſure, buries her youth and her charms in ſolitude, to avoid living with a huſband ſhe hates!"

The generous, the philoſophic, the capacious heart of Walſtein himſelf ſcarcely could

could contain its ſorrows. While thus he ſpoke, the deep and lengthened ſigh heaved in his boſom, and ſilently eſcaped, while the tear was with difficulty detained and repelled.

"Have you heard of her ſince your return?" ſaid Lindorf, in a low voice. "Are you certain ſhe perſiſts in this unjuſt ſeparation?"

"Too certain," replied the Count, ſeeking among the papers of his pocket-book. "Here is a letter from her to her father; he has lately received, and ſent it incloſed to me. You there will find ſhe declares her determination to continue at Rindaw, and *that her heart and her reaſon ſtill revolt at the ties ſhe has formed.*"

Lindorf took the letter, read it as he had read the preceding one; but remarked the

date, saw it had been written the very day on which he wrote the manuscript, sighed with bitterness of spirit, and gave it back.

"The High Chamberlain," continued the Count, "has said, in his letter, that he had written such an answer as became him. The phrase made me tremble; for his answer, no doubt, was harsh and despotic. Caroline, perhaps, at this instant, drowned in tears, accuses me, anew, of tyranny, and her hatred increases. My only happiness is that this her hatred is not caused by a passion for any other man.—Oh, Lindorf! speak, aid, guide me; tell me how I ought to act in a situation so delicate; from you I hope salutary advice."——"Advice," said Lindorf, hesitating. "Walstein ought to take advice only of his own heart."—"I understand thee, my friend," said the Count, "and

"and my heart, already, has dictated what it becomes me to do."

What this was we shall know, hereafter; at present, leave we Lindorf to breathe, who had sufficiently suffered, during this painful conversation; leave we the Count to recover from the fatigues of his journey, and let us return to Caroline.

The terrible answer of her father she had received. Not only did he permit, but he commanded, her to inform the Canoness of her marriage; and prepare, immediately, to quit her, and to return to inhabit Walstein house. "Too long," said he, "has "this obliging husband allowed you to in- "dulge a whim which his absence only "could make me tolerate; 'tis time it "should end. The Count is come back, "and does not chuse to be deprived of his

"wife; he claims his rights, and, for my "part, be certain you shall for ever remain "deprived of those you have to my affec- "tion, and likewise to my wealth, if you "make the least difficulty about returning. "Expect no one to support you: I speak "in the name of a King, a Husband, and a "Father, equally angered by your long and "obstinate disobedience."

This was not true; the High Chamberlain acted on his own authority, and had neither received the command or the advice of any person for this fulminating letter; but he wished to try if he might not obtain from terror an effect which kindness, reason, and retirement had not produced. He was, beside, outrageous at this unforeseen perseverance of his daughter. A witness of the honours the Count received, at returning from his embassy, of the friendship the King

had so openly testified for him, and of the high and unrivalled favour he enjoyed, he impatiently burned to proclaim Walstein his son, and participate his glory. It was during a fit of this counteracted passion that he had written to his daughter; but Caroline, not suspecting it was possible to alter or disguise the truth, understood all he wrote literally: the anger of the King afflicted her, and that of her spouse, especially, because she saw not the generous Walstein, whom the manuscript and letters of Lindorf had shewn, her in this tyranny; and whom, from being obliged to admire, she began a little to love. But this sensation gave place to fear and dislike, the moment she thought it possible he should abuse his power.

"Alas!" said she, while again she read his letters to Lindorf, and opened the box

to look at his picture, which she as suddenly shut again in displeasure, "alas! his character is changed as much as his person. If he be already so much irritated at this my resistance, what will he become when he shall learn the fatal secret of my heart, and that it has yielded wholly to his friend? Of this he cannot long remain ignorant, nor can he but know I love when he shall be told I am acquainted with Lindorf."

Despair redoubled at the thought. The supposition of living with a husband already prejudiced against her, perhaps jealous, and undoubtedly despotic, since he had commanded her to return, was revolting. She no longer felt herself obliged to his condescension for suffering her to depart, and consenting that she should remain at Rindaw all the time he was absent; "he was, no doubt, glad I might there remain shut

up

up while he was at Peterſburg; and proves, but too incontrovertibly, delicacy and mild complaiſance were not his motives.—Ah! Lindorf, friendſhip deceives you; the Count of Walſtein poſſeſſes not thoſe virtues you imagine."

To all this anguiſh was added that of having to relate her ſtory to the Canoneſs. As often as ſhe endeavoured to ſpeak expreſſion expired on her lips; never could ſhe determine ſo to afflict that tender and unfortunate friend, ſo at once to excite her anger and her grief, by informing her of the ſecret ſhe ſo long had kept from her, and of the approaching departure of her dear pupil. The loſs of her ſight had rendered the company of Caroline her ſole conſolation; and often did ſhe repeat that the moment ſhe was deprived of that would be the moment of her death; wherefore the

idea of being obliged to quit her added increaſe of pangs to the affectionate Caroline; nor could ſhe reſolve to plunge the poignard to her heart by ſpeaking of this dreadful ſeparation, though ſhe thought it inevitable. Yet did ſhe hope it might, for a time, be deferred. Her father had fixed no day; he only had commanded her to hold herſelf ready againſt he ſhould come to take her away; accompanied, no doubt, by Walſtein, her formidable huſband.

To them ſhe left the office of informing the Canoneſs, and daily waited their coming, in trances of deſpair; having no other hope but that of dying in the arms of her dear Mamma, with grief of being thus torn from her. In this inquietude, this continual agitation, was ſhe, which conſiderably affected her health, when ſhe one day received a letter. The handwriting and the arms on

the

the ſeal were inſtantly recollected, and cauſed an emotion, a contraction of the heart, which ſcarcely can be imagined. It was from the Count himſelf. She trembled as ſhe opened it; and was near fainting when ſhe ſaw, at the top, it was dated from the caſtle of Ronebourg, the manſion of Lindorf.—"Merciful God! He is with Lindorf!"—Caroline was obliged to pauſe awhile, and collect all her fortitude, ere ſhe could read what follows.

From the Count of WALSTEIN *to* CAROLINE.

At the Caſtle of Ronebourg, belonging to the Baron of Lindorf, Oct. 17, 17—

"SHOULD I be ſo unfortunate as that the "receipt of this letter might occaſion any "ſenſation of apprehenſion, or dread, let "me conjure her to whom it is addreſſed "to diſpel all ſuch feelings; kindly to

" read, and firmly to believe that he who
" wrote it would rather perish than give
" her heart the slightest pang.

" Yes, Madam, for, alas! I dare not
" call you by a name more tender, think
" me, what I am, your friend; at least
" what I wish to be; and, as a tender
" friend, permit me thus, a moment, to
" converse with you, on that which, of all
" things in the world, I have most at heart,
" the happiness of Caroline; nothing is
" there I will not do may I but hope to con-
" tribute to this happiness. Deign to give
" me your commands; think not of my
" ease, for willingly will I suffer, and my
" sufferings shall even become my plea-
" sures, so, Madam, that they may be but
" for your sake.

" The

"The Baron, your father, no doubt, has "written to you. What the contents of "his letter may be I know not; but, be "they what they may, ſhould they impoſe "the leaſt conſtraint on Caroline, they belie "the heart of Walſtein. No, Madam, you "are free; abſolute miſtreſs of your own "deſtiny and of mine. For me, ſuffer me "here to leave the deciſion of what I ſhall "hereafter become to yourſelf; for here I "ſolemnly vow to ſubmit to the ſentence "you ſhall pronounce. Yet, how can I "entertain the moſt momentary hope? "Have I not, now before my eyes, the let-"ter in which you have declared, to your "father, your heart is ſtill the ſame; that "your unfortunate huſband is ſtill the ob-"ject of worſe than diſlike, and that your "ſole wiſh is to live ſeparate from him? "Alas!——But be it ſo, Caroline; you "ſhall be obeyed: your wiſhes to me are

" laws; beforetime I was too eager to grati-
" fy my own, and thus have fettered you
" for life. Myself I ought to punish, and
" endeavour to merit both your esteem and
" gratitude by absenting myself so long as
" you shall please so to ordain.

" No, Caroline, you shall not be doomed
" to live sequestered me to avoid. The
" Court shall not be deprived of its brightest
" ornament, nor your father of a daughter
" who of all his honours is the highest.
" Return to this father, enjoy those inno-
" cent pleasures which you so well are
" formed to enjoy; nor fear to have them
" empoisoned by my presence. My reso-
" lution is fixed. I am here with a friend,
" whom an unhappy passion obliges to
" travel, for some years, and I am deter-
" mined to travel with him; my company
" will alleviate his sufferings, and my own

" will

" will be relieved by the ſweet hope that
" you are more happy, your heart more at
" eaſe, and that I am repairing, as far as
" repair I can, all the wrongs I have done
" you. To you, Madam, I leave the choice
" of the name you ſhall bear; if mine be
" odious, if you ſtill would wiſh the world
" ſhould call you Caroline of Lichtfield,
" and if you would rather reſide with your
" father, I can eaſily obtain permiſſion from
" him, and from the King, that our mar-
" riage ſhall ſtill remain a ſecret. But if,
" as it appears by your letter, a ſecret like
" this would be too painful a conſtraint on
" a mind ſo frank and ingenuous, if you
" conſent to acknowledge me for your huſ-
" band, when you come to Berlin, aſſume
" the name, the title, and the rank, of
" the Counteſs of Walſtein. This kind
" condeſcenſion, by ſatisfying your father
" and your King, may probably increaſe

" your

" your freedom and happineſs. You will
" inhabit Walſtein Houſe, you will com-
" mand my ſervants; pardon me, Madam,
" not mine, yours; you will prevail on your
" tender and reſpectable friend, whom you
" wiſh, and whom, indeed, it is your duty,
" never to forſake, to come and live with
" you. As for me, I here engage myſelf,
" by promiſes the moſt ſacred and ſolemn,
" never to return to Berlin till you yourſelf
" ſhall pleaſe to recall me; happy, too
" happy, if you but let me perceive a poſ-
" ſibility of our future re-union. I rely on
" your virtues, your principles, your ge-
" neroſity, and will wait, not without im-
" patience, but without fear and without
" complaint, the day you ſhall pleaſe
" to fix.——This day will come; yes,
" I dare hope it will; you will, ſome time
" hereafter, feel the want of a ſincere and
" boſom friend; and never, Caroline, no,

" never,

"never, will you find one more sincere, "more affectionate, than a husband who "adores you, and whose whole happiness "will consist in the desire, and the endea-"vour, to make you happy.

"I wait your answer before I depart. "Direct it to Ronebourg, at the Baron of "Lindorf's, who is the friend whom I be-"fore mentioned, and of whom I shall here-"after often speak, if you will deign to per-"mit me to correspond with you, which "will, indeed, be to me a great consolation. "Fear neither the King nor your father. "I will take care to give a plausible pre-"text for my travelling and my absence; "which, perhaps, may be very, very "long; but the real motives of which "they never shall know.

"Farewell,

"Farewell, Madam; you, moſt likely,
"will approve of this my arrangement——
"Alas! it is very, very different from what
"I formed when I aſked your hand; but,
"if your felicity be thereby enſured, the
"end I propoſed is ſtill obtained.

"EDMUND AUGUSTUS,
"Count of Walſtein."

The letter was ended; but what were the ſenſations of Caroline? Surpriſe, admiration, remorſe, affection? Who can anſwer? All! All mingled and together confounded. She herſelf knew not what! Long ſhe remained motionleſs, her eyes rivetted on that paper which had ſo entirely reverſed all her opinions, and the contents of which were ſo unexpected. Recovering from this kind of annihilation, her firſt impulſe was to riſe, open her bureau, aſſemble all the papers

Lindorf

Lindorf had left, run to the chamber of her dear Mamma, and there bring her acquainted with this wonderful man! There inform her of the ties by which they were united, and seek, in her friendship, that aid of which her heart at present stood so much in need! This husband, who so lately had been an object of such dread, assumed a form so wholly different, displayed a mind so congenial with her own, that she now could gladly have clasped him to her bosom. Her fetters, so heavy half an hour ago, now scarcely fetters seemed. "Ah Walstein," said she, "generous Walstein! No; thou shalt not go; thou shalt not make thyself my victim!"

She stopped short, fearing to engage herself too far. Her affections were struggling; her mind was still oppressed, but by ideas far less afflicting. When she came to her friend she had not the pain she before felt in preparing

preparing the mind of the Baroneſs for the ſecret ſhe was about to diſcloſe; though this preparation was exceedingly neceſſary, ſo infinitely far was ſhe from imagining what ſhe was about to be told.——Caroline, her dear Caroline, ſo long married, and ſhe never to ſuſpect it! This was ſo ſingular an incident, ſo ſurpriſing, and ſo little foreſeen, that all the tragedies, comedies, novels, and romances ſhe had ever read afforded not one more ſtrange, more aſtoniſhing.

After various preparatives, therefore, and many tender careſſes, her pupil, at laſt, explained all theſe ſeeming myſteries in, as well as the reaſons for, her conduct. When the good Canoneſs had exhauſted her ſurpriſe, anger, and reproach; after ſhe had, by turns, been vexed and affected; after ſhe had plentifully wept and murmured; after ſhe had a thouſand and a thouſand times repeated

peated it was abominably monſtrous they ſhould be afraid of truſting her with the ſecret, and ſtill more monſtrous that they had ſacrificed her poor girl; Caroline begged for, and obtained, half an hour's ſilent hearing. This ſhe employed to recapitulate every circumſtance that had paſſed with Lindorf; this was the moſt painful part of her taſk, but now ſhe was permitted to tell ſhe was reſolved to have no reſerve, nothing concealed from her friend.

"No, dear Mamma," ſaid ſhe, affectionately, your Caroline will have no more ſecrets for you; ſhe has ſuffered too much already by thoſe ſhe was obliged to keep. Only for theſe few days have I had the liberty to ſpeak, and but for a few moments the fortitude; for this I am indebted to the Count. Yes, to him do I owe the happineſs of daring to open my heart to you, and

to

to have nothing painful to relate. Oh! Madam, when you shall know what an angel he is, and how great have been my wrongs, you will not any longer pity your Caroline; she asks only a little indulgence, and the patience to hear a long recital; for nothing, hereafter, Mamma, will I hide from you; no; nothing, nothing."

Caroline kept her word, nor did she surprise the Canoness by confessing her love for Lindorf.—"Alas! I saw it well enough," replied the Canoness; "and I, poor silly woman that I was, congratulated myself on the discovery. I intended—Yes, yes, I had a great many intentions; had contrived every thing. See what an error your fine secret has led me into! Am not I acquainted with the effects of the passions? Amiable people meet; and, because they are amiable, fall in love. We are formed for love, and

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to love eternally; for first impressions are never effaced."

"Ah!" exclaimed Caroline, with enthusiasm, "I hope, Mamma, you are mistaken; I hope they sometimes are effaced; at least it shall not be my fault if they are not. No; it shall not."—"Fault, poor girl, it would be no fault of thine; but thy struggles will all be in vain. What! surely I know! The more you combat love the more it increases. For how is it possible to cease to love?"

"Very possible, Mamma, when love renders us guilty.—Oh! dear, dear Madam, you know not, cannot imagine, how guilty we both were; I for offending the best of husbands, and Lindorf a friend such as man never had before."

Caroline

Caroline then began to read her manuſcript, and thought ſhe never could have got through it, ſo inceſſantly was ſhe interrupted by the exclamations of the good kind hearted Canoneſs. At firſt ſhe was in raptures with the brave General, who died to ſave the life of his King. Then too did the young Count intereſt her, but ſtill her dear Lindorf lay at her heart. "How charmingly he writes," ſaid ſhe; "how tender, how feeling his ſtyle! Ah! how ſorry am I! He would have been the huſband for my Caroline." When however they came to Louiſa, her friendſhip ſuffered conſiderable abatement.—"What praiſes does he beſtow on this girl! Is it for a gentleman, and a Baron, to notice whether or not a village laſs be pretty!"—But when ſhe beheld him ſeriouſly in love with, and deſirous of marrying her, ſhe could contain her anger no longer; nay, ſo great was it that Caroline

felt ſomewhat ſorry for having given it birth.—"Speak not a word in his defence," ſaid the Canoneſs. "Oh! how has he deceived me! Love a peaſant's daughter! Intend to marry her! And, after that, dare to pay his addreſſes to Miſs Lichtfield! 'Tis abominable! and thou oughteſt to think thyſelf moſt happy for having been married, and not made the ſucceſſor of this his Louiſa. The ſecond love, truly; and the firſt for a poor villager! How have I been deceived in that man; and who hereafter may one confide in!"

Caroline, more affected than humbled at having been the object of a ſecond paſſion, made no reply, but ſighed, and again continued to read, as ſoon as the petulant Baroneſs would permit. In proportion as the fickle Lindorf ſunk in her eſteem, did Walſtein riſe; and he ſoon became her entire hero.

hero. His dignity, energy, and noble mind enchanted her. "You are too happy," repeated she to Caroline, "to be the wife of such a man! What tell you me of his not being handsome? You are wrong; he is as handsome as an Angel, and his sentiments are the sentiments of a God!——How did he speak to that diminutive Lindorf? You do not find him in love with a village girl."

Yet she knew not what to think, for a while, of his behaviour to Louisa; but, afterwards, when she came to the dreadful catastrophe, when she saw the Count wounded, disfigured, and heard to what excess he had carried his generosity and friendship, she was suffocated, absolutely unable to restrain herself, her tears, or her exclamations. Lindorf was a monster and Walstein a deity, before whom mere mortals ought

ought to fall proſtrate! Her enthuſiaſm increaſed in every line, and his letters to his friend made it aſtoniſhment! She proteſted Heaven had created this man, purpoſely, for her Caroline: his ſoul was not of this age, he was a Cyrus, an Oroondates, every thing ſhe had heard, read, or could imagine, of ſublime. "As to your Lindorf, you ſee he merely reſembles the preſent race; you will find he ſtill loves Matilda; nay, that he could love a dozen at a time. To be ſure, as to this Lady, ſhe is a Counteſs, but never will I forgive him his Louiſa. I make no doubt but he will return to Matilda, now; but I ſincerely hope ſhe will act towards him as I did to the High Chamberlain, when he came to offer me his hand after the death of thy mother, and that ſhe, like me, with noble pride, will give her refuſal.

"I hope not," cried Caroline, and the hope came from the bottom of her heart; even she herself was surprised at it; never before had she truly felt so anxious a desire that Lindorf again might love Matilda, and that to her he might henceforth be no more than a brother. Walstein, indeed, possessed a soul so superior, so transcendant, one to whom it was so honourable to be allied, that Caroline actually felt her attachment for Lindorf was not, at this moment, the strongest attachment of her heart. It was a moment of enthusiasm, we own; and which the strong and sympathetic feelings of her friend had increased; but we may leave the task of still increasing them to the care of this friend.

When she came to the last letter, which Caroline had received that day; the letter in which the Count spoke of her, thought

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of her, and confirmed her in the hope of for ever living with her dear Caroline; when she heard the phrase *You will prevail on your tender and respectable friend, whom you wish, and whom, indeed, it is your duty, never to forsake, to come and live with you*; she no longer could moderate her transports; she kissed Caroline again and again; called her her dear friend, her lovely Countess, and, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, added, "We must not let this angel de-"part, must we, my child? Must he go?"

"No, certainly," replied Caroline; "I should be the most ungrateful of women, were I to give my consent. Permit me to go and answer his letter, immediately; for the courier returns this evening."

Caroline left the good Baroness all amazement, all rapture at what she had heard;

and with matter sufficient to employ her thoughts without dread of dulness from being alone. The very idea of writing to the Count would have petrified Caroline, had it been proposed the evening before; while, at present, nothing seemed more easy; her heart overflowing with gratitude and admiration could not have found an employment more accordant to its feelings; her rapid imagination dictated a thousand things, and, as she entered her apartment, she ran to her bureau. The first object which presented itself, as she opened it, was the box containing the miniature picture of her husband. During her anger against him, to which the letter of her father had given birth, she had concealed the box under the manuscript which she had that day removed; instantly she took it up, opened it, and fixed her eyes on those fine features, that countenance so noble and so mild; and, as she looked, felt

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a ſenſation which never till then had ſhe known. She forgot how much his perſon was altered, imagined ſhe really beheld him, and was aſtoniſhed how ſhe could have refuſed her heart to the original of ſuch a portrait. Inſenſibly did ſhe become affected, tears roſe in her eyes, and with great emotion ſhe preſſed the picture to her lips.

Thus was ſhe in a moſt excellent diſpoſition to anſwer Walſtein; and, had ſhe written at that moment, the anſwer would have been much more tender than he had dared to hope; but, deſirous of confirming theſe her new ſenſations, which were the more pleaſing becauſe unaccompanied by remorſe, ſhe would read once more the letter from the Count. Ah! what ungrateful, what cruel idea then ſuddenly entered her mind! It was that he, Walſtein, required this long, and, perhaps, everlaſting ſepara-

tion; he who propoſed it, he who ſeemed to inſiſt on its taking place!——His reaſons were evident; he dreaded living with a capricious, unjuſt woman, who ſuffered herſelf to have been ſo eaſily prejudiced; a child, obſtinate, wilful, and void of reaſon; for thus, ſaid Caroline, I muſt appear to him; thus have I deſerved to be thought.

The phraſe in which he mentioned Lindorf, and which, before, ſhe had ſcarcely remarked, made alſo an unfortunate impreſſion. "A friend whom an unhappy paſſion "obliges to travel. I am determined to "go with him."——How might the Count be ignorant of the object of this paſſion? Though Lindorf ſhould not have told him, he muſt, himſelf, have divined it; it was impoſſible to be otherwiſe. Beſide, does he not ſay he is "determined to go with him?"

We

We are alike eaſy to ſuppoſe what moſt we wiſh or moſt we fear ſhould happen has happened. And now is the active imagination of Caroline buſily labouring to paint every object black; and now, the more ſhe reads that letter, which at firſt appeared ſo tender, ſo flattering, the more is ſhe convinced that the generoſity of Walſtein, only, has dictated his expreſſions, and that he ardently deſires to live from her. For what probability was there, were not ſuch his motives, that he would thus renounce his country, his employments, the Court, and the favour and friendſhip of his Sovereign? Had he had the leaſt wiſh to live with her, would he not have made the attempt? Would he not firſt have ſeen her, and endeavoured to find what her preſent thoughts were before he would make ſo cruel a determination?—"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, mournfully laying down the letter and the picture, "I had a mo-

mentary dream of almoſt happineſs, but it is vaniſhed. Happineſs is not for me!—— How dearly would he have loved me! But how may I now hope that ſhould ever happen ſince he wiſhes not to know me, ſince he deſpiſes, nay, perhaps, hates me! And yet, how great is his generoſity, his benevolence! But, does it become me to abuſe this generoſity, and, after having ſinned againſt him ſo unpardonably, muſt I likewiſe baniſh him his country? No, never; I am determined how to act; I will here paſs my life, far from him, far from the world; he ſhall be at liberty to remain at Court, to benefit his country by his virtues, to make thoſe happy who depend on him, and ſhall not himſelf be made miſerable by Caroline; he will forget, perhaps, that ſhe exiſts!"

In the full perſuaſion that all theſe ſuppoſitions were real, ſhe immediately took pen

pen and paper; and, as immediately, wrote what follows.

From CAROLINE *to the Count of* WALSTEIN.

Rindaw.

"No, my lord, I will not delay to "write the anſwer you require; happy "if this my promptitude may any way "prove how grateful I am, how infinitely "obliged to the firſt, the moſt generous, "of men! I ſhall not here diſcuſs what the "motives were which might induce you "to make the propoſitions your letter con- "tains; yet, believe me, I feel their ge- "nerous tendency. I hope you will pardon "me for refuſing my conſent to your deſign "of leaving your country and friends; an "abſence like this might ruin all your fu- "ture proſpects, yet could not change my "deſtiny. Of this you have had the good-

" nefs to leave me abſolute miſtreſs, and I
" am determined, happen what will, here to
" remain. My abſence from Berlin injures
" no one, intereſts no one; that city has cer-
" tainly forgotten a young creature whom
" it ſcarcely has ſeen. As for my father,
" he has ever been accuſtomed to live with-
" out me; the Baroneſs of Rindaw, my
" dear friend, or, rather, my tender mother,
" is the ſole being in this world to whom
" my exiſtence and my preſence may be
" both uſeful and agreeable. I neither can
" quit her nor wiſh her to forſake that re-
" tirement in which ſhe has lived ſo long.
" Permit me, therefore, to conſecrate my
" life wholly to her, to render her declining
" years the ſame kind and continued cares
" ſhe took of me in early and helpleſs in-
" fancy. Your letter inſures your con-
" ſent; and, provided we are ſeparate,

" wherefore

" wherefore ſhould this ſeparation be at a " diſtance ſo immenſe?

" I wiſh to live here forgotten, and, if " that be poſſible, in tranquillity; but for " you, my lord, you owe your talents to " your country and your King, nor is there " a motive on earth which ſhould ſway you " to renounce employing them for the good " of weaker and leſs wiſe mortals. And is " it for Caroline to throw the leaſt impedi- " ment in the way of purpoſes ſo noble? " Alas! then ſhould I indeed be guilty, " and the bitterneſs of reproach would " make life wretched! But no, I wiſh to " be juſt, and will ſubmit to my fate; nor " ought I to grieve at it ſince I am permit- " ted to live in the boſom of friendſhip, and " in that peaceful retreat in which I have " ever lived. The pleaſures of which you " ſpeak are effaced from my memory, or,

" at leaſt, have left a recollection ſo faint,
" ſo ſhadowy, that I neither wiſh for nor
" regret them. Alas! I have no regret but
" that of not having made the firſt of man-
" kind happy, and wiſh have I none but
" that of hearing in this my retirement
" that he enjoys the felicity he ſo infinitely
" deſerves. To this it is my duty to con-
" tribute, and this I dare promiſe I have
" the fortitude to perform. Solitude has
" nothing fearful for my imagination; on
" the contrary, it is the boundary of my
" wiſhes, and, ſince I am convinced it is
" your deſire I ſhould live happy, I do not
" fear you will give them any oppoſition—
" The Count of Walſtein at Berlin and
" Caroline at Rindaw will each be ſtationed
" as they ought.

" My friend has this morning been in-
" formed of our marriage; and ſince you
" conſent

" conſent I ſhould bear your name that " ſhall henceforth be my ambition; there- " fore, hereafter, to thoſe few perſons whom " I may ſee, and thoſe to whom you wiſh to " confide the ſecret, I ſhall ever remain

" CAROLINE, Counteſs of Walſtein."

Had Caroline refuſed the title of Counteſs of Walſtein, which ſhe began to have ſome value for, the Canoneſs would by no means have acquieſced in this ſame kind of ſelf-denial; for while Caroline had been writing her good mamma had taken care to ſend for all the ſervants and inform them that Caroline was Counteſs of Walſtein, with a ſtrict injunction to call her my Lady, in future. She was punctually obeyed, and, in the ſpace of a few minutes, two or three of the maids, and as many footmen, entered, under different pretexts, purpoſely to repeat *my Lady*. " What will *my Lady* pleaſe

pleaſe to have? What are *my Lady*'s commands?"

No ſooner had *my Lady* ended her letter than ſhe ran to read it to her dear friend. "Yes, Mamma," ſaid ſhe, when ſhe had done reading, "I have taken a firm reſo-"lution to live and die here, and never love "any body but you." A few months before, this project would have enchanted the tender Canoneſs, but ſhe had now far different views. Her imagination was at the higheſt pitch of enthuſiaſm in favour of the Count of Walſtein, and his re-union with Caroline, the accompliſhment of which was now the object of every wiſh. But, as it was a part of her plan to leave the young Counteſs ignorant of the manner in which ſhe was determined to act, ſhe pretended to approve her letter. Nay, perhaps, ſhe took no little pleaſure in retaliation (for there is no age

or

or character that will not indulge revenge which they believe innocent) and, in her turn, having her ſecret alſo. The letter was, therefore, ſealed and directed to the Count of Walſtein, at the Baron of Lindorf's, and ſome have pretended that a ſigh eſcaped Caroline as ſhe wrote the direction, though ſhe, at preſent, proteſts not; and if there did, we may well believe it was the laſt.

And now, not only this day, and the next day, and the day after that, but every day, the Count was frequently preſent to the imagination of Caroline; and the more ſhe thought of him, the more ſhe delighted to think; all his letters were read, and read again; and ſhe every time thought ſhe diſcovered new proofs, which had not before been remarked, of the ſuperiority of heart and underſtanding of this excellent man,

whom

whom she had known too late ever to be able now to merit. The picture was taken from its box, tied to a ribband, and hung round the neck of Caroline, which it no more quitted. Twenty times a day would she take it from her bosom, gaze on it with tenderness, and put it back with a sigh. But the more she was convinced Walstein would have made her a most happy woman, the more did generosity, and, perhaps, vanity, applaud the resolution she had taken, well persuaded he wished not to live with her. There was something, likewise, in her heart, which told her she would much rather have him at Berlin than traversing distant regions with Lindorf. Indeed the supposition of herself being the cause of the exile of these two friends was insupportable. "Let one, at least," said she, "remain happy in his own country." And thus to sacrifice, in part, her own felicity to that

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of the Count was, in part, to expiate her own wrongs, and to obtain her own pardon.

While Caroline thus meditated the Canoneſs was not idle. All her reflections tended to find what might be the beſt means of re-uniting the huſband and the wife. Several very natural ones preſented themſelves to her mind, and which might eaſily have been put in execution. Such, for example, as to have a letter written to the Count, inviting him to come to Rindaw; or to take Caroline to Berlin, under ſome feigned pretence, and there contrive Walſtein ſhould meet her; or, which might ſtill have been better, to have reaſoned with the young Counteſs, and, by degrees, induced her to a re-union, which ſhe herſelf was too deſirous of long to have refuſed. But all this was much too ſimple for the Canoneſs of Rindaw, too trivial for the end of a romance,

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in which she was quite in raptures to be one of the *dramatis personæ*. Surprise! Gratitude! Tears! Faintings! If these were wanting the scene must have been insipid. Read, therefore, what her prudent head imagined and brought forth.

One day (it was within a week after the letter of Caroline had been sent) the Canoness said she had long had a desire to visit her Chapter, and to pass some time there; "a duty," says she, "I have too long neglected, and which I wish once more to perform before I die. I will therefore set off to morrow morning, and beg, my dear, you will accompany me." Caroline, surprised at so unexpected a resolution, represented, but in vain, that her age, her infirmities, the permission she had long obtained to live at Rindaw, all made this an unnecessary journey. The Canoness was so positive

Caroline

Caroline could not long contradict her. Beſide that ſhe herſelf really took pleaſure in imagining a change of ſcene; it would retard her interview with her father, remove her for a time from a place which brought too many paſt incidents to memory, and thus relieve her melancholy. Another motive was added. Long had ſhe deſired to form an acquaintance with ſome young lady, to whom ſhe could reveal her ſenſations and her thoughts, and who might become her friend. The Baroneſs of Rindaw, it was true, was a friend; but the reſpect ever preſerved for a perſon by whom we have been educated, the great difference of age, and the infirmities which made her in continual dread of her death, and thus of being left in ſolitude, without a friend on earth, all increaſed an ardent deſire to find another, whoſe ſoul and ſentiments were correſpondent to her own, whoſe age was

nearly

nearly the ſame, and with whom ſhe might freely ſpeak, or to whom ſhe might as freely write all ſhe thought and all ſhe felt.

" This," ſaid ſhe, " would give a charm to the retreat in which I am doomed to paſs my life. Ah! had I only ſuch a friend as I can imagine, how ſhould I love her, and how would ſhe love me! She ſhould live in my heart, and preſently would I forget other and ſtronger paſſions; forget that the man to whom, had I known him better, or better known myſelf, this heart would have been wholly devoted, now wiſhes to poſſeſs no place there!"

When they ſent her new books from Berlin, in which ſhe found a correſpondence between two friends, ſhe would ſigh, and ſorrowfully ſay, " poor Caroline, thou haſt no creature, no friend, to whom thou mayeſt write

write all thou thinkeſt! Thou haſt no letter to receive!" This to Caroline was a real grief, and when the Canoneſs propoſed the before-mentioned journey, ſhe imagined ſhe might ſurely find, in the cloiſter, young ladies of diſtinction, ſome one of whom would be worthy, would be capable, of friendſhip. At length, therefore, ſhe very willingly yielded to the project of the good Canoneſs, and prepared for her departure on the morrow.

In theſe her ſchemes of future confidence and friendſhip, Caroline did not forget her precious manuſcript and the letters, which were become the daily ſubject of contemplation; and ſtill leſs her dear little picture, which never quitted her boſom, except to be kiſſed, and with which ſhe every day grew more and more enamoured. Till the expected friend was found this picture held

the place of one, and was become the confidant of her moſt ſecret thoughts; to this ſhe confeſſed all her regret and grief for having loſt, paſt return, the eſteem and friendſhip of its counter part; while the expreſſive, the comprehenſive countenance ſeemed, though dumb and motionleſs, to hear, underſtand, and anſwer. The happieſt moments ſhe enjoyed were thoſe in which this mute converſation paſſed.

Early the next morning the Canoneſs, Caroline, and their maids were in the carriage. The former was all chearfulneſs; ſhe was ready firſt, and ſeemed to take exceſſive pleaſure in the journey. As ſhe ſaw nothing and had, therefore, no outward object to employ her thoughts, ſhe talked much, and wanted a deſcription of every place by which they paſſed. The firſt objects, after leaving the court-yard, were the pavilion,

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the window where Caroline firſt had ſeen Lindorf, the door through which he firſt had entered, and the road along which he had paſſed when he departed never to ſee her more. A little further were the turrets of the chateau of Riſberg; they had paſſed the wood in which Caroline had wandered, and come to the park where Lindorf had leaped the barrier to meet her; the difference between her former and her preſent ſenſations was very great; her heart did not palpitate now, but it felt a painful contraction. Inſtead of fixing her imagination on places that might retrace an obliterated paſſion, or, at leaſt, a paſſion remembered only with repentance and ſelf-reproach, ſhe turned her thoughts on the wrongs ſhe had done her huſband, and mournful was the reflection. We may reſt well aſſured, however, Caroline did not lead the communicative Baroneſs to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject. The jour-

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ney was performed without any accident, and her friend, infirm as she was, preserved her chearfulness, though she no longer called her dear Caroline, but dear Countess, and that, too, at every instant. She often, attempted, likewise, to speak of the Count, but Caroline, more prudent, and restrained by the presence of the maids, equally fearing the Canoness might say too much or too little, took good care to turn the conversation on other subjects.

The place to which they were going was some days journey from Rindaw. Caroline supposed they were almost there, and was wishing to arrive just as she saw the coachman drive down an avenue that led to an antique and large chateau, the weathercocks of which she had perceived at a great distance. Caroline was surprised, and so told the Baroness, who, with significant satisfaction

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in her countenance, anſwered, "the ſervants had obeyed her orders, for that ſhe meant to call and viſit a friend who lived there." Caroline had not time to aſk queſtions concerning this friend, of whom before ſhe had never heard mention made, for they were already in the court-yard. The Canoneſs called the footman, and bade him inquire if the *Count of Walſtein* was there, and if two ladies *of his acquaintance* might have the pleaſure of ſpeaking with him.

Caroline could not believe her ſenſes! "The Count of Walſtein!" echoed ſhe, with a cry ſcarce articulate. "Great God! Mamma! Did I hear you right! Where are we? Whither have you brought me?"

"We are at the chateau of Ronebourg," replied the Baroneſs, with infinite plea-

ſure, "and I have brought thee to thy huſband, my dear."

Poor Caroline ſcarcely hears the end of the phraſe: ſenſe and feeling have forſaken her, and ſhe drops, motionleſs, with her head on the ſhoulder of her imprudent friend! Her maid raiſes and ſuſtains her, informs the Canoneſs of the fearful ſtate into which Caroline is fallen, and calls for ſalts and hartſhorn, which, in their flutter, are not to be found! And now the Canoneſs, in deſpair, repents, too late, of what ſhe has done. Caroline continues lifeleſs, moves not, breathes not, betrays not the leaſt ſign of exiſtence!

All this paſſed in the coach, and in the middle of the court, in the front of the chateau, while the footman was gone to deliver his meſſage, and while the ſervants of the

the house went in search of the Count, who was walking in the park with Lindorf.—Walstein is found, but cannot imagine who these unknown ladies are; for the Canoness, always in search of surprise, forbade the footman to give in her name, and the Count was very far, indeed, from imagining it was her, and his wife, from whom he had so lately received a letter. He, therefore, hastens to receive the ladies, and, followed by his friend, arrives. The first object he beholds is Caroline, senseless, with her lace cut, her hair loose, her bosom bare; they are lifting her out of the coach in which the Baroness sits weeping, and raving, and summoning the whole universe to the assistance of Caroline, of whose death she accuses herself, vowing not to survive her.

If a spectacle like this well might affect the Count, inexplicable and strange as it

muſt be, what effect may it be ſuppoſed to have had on Lindorf, who, the moment he ſaw, knew Caroline? Scarcely could he believe his eyes! Scarcely credit the ſtrong emotions of his heart! "God of wonders!" cried he, as he ran up to the carriage, "can this be?" He could not doubt.

The livid paleneſs of Caroline, her cloſed eye-lids, the cries andgroans of the Baroneſs perſuaded him ſhe had juſt expired, and he himſelf was preſently almoſt lifeleſs. Walſtein, who comprehended nothing of what he beheld, ſaw Lindorf reel, and juſt had time to catch him in his arms. He revives, and beholding Caroline ſtill the ſame, in all the agonies of deſpair, exclaims, "It is ſhe! It is Caroline! Your Caroline! My Caroline! Her whom I adored, her who now lies breathleſs, and whom I will follow to the grave!"

So

So saying, he tore himself violently from the arms of Walstein, who stood speechless and confounded! The exigencies of the moment recovered him from his stupor: he made way through the crowd of servants, whom the cries of the Baroness and the strangeness of the scene had drawn together, and went to the assistance of Caroline. Exposed to the open air, she had begun a little to recover; her half opened eyes endeavoured to move, and her woman, seated on the ground, supported her till an arm chair was brought, in which she might be placed, and carried, more conveniently. The poor distracted Canoness, still in the carriage, paid dear for her imprudence; she wept, exclaimed, called for the Count, and was unappeasable till they told her he was there, and that Caroline was recovering.

Too true it was. Walstein was there; but Walstein knew not whether all he beheld was or was not a dream. Caroline at Ronebourg, and brought thither with violence! For wherefore should she, else, be expiring at her arrival? Lindorf in despair, and fled, uttering words of dreadful import, that still resounded in the ears of Walstein. *It is she! It is Caroline! Your Caroline! My Caroline! Her whom I adored!*——Ay?—Caroline?—Was it Caroline, whom Lindorf loved; and by whom he was again beloved? The Count endeavoured to doubt, to persuade himself that his friend, distracted by grief, by the melancholy turn of his mind, had been deceived; but the Count could not so elude his fears.

Not the change which a year had made in the person of Caroline, nor that her present illness caused, could make Walstein

mistake

miſtake her. He ſilently fixed his eyes on her for ſome moments, then, kneeling at her feet, caught her hands, and preſſed them with ardour to his lips. The eyes of Caroline moved, but not as they were wont. They had no intelligence; ſhe knew not where ſhe was, or whom that man might be ſhe beheld proſtrate before her. Unable to articulate a word, ſhe gently withdrew her hands, joined them together, leaned her face upon them, and ſhed a torrent of tears. The Count, ſtill kneeling by her, endeavoured to calm and convince her ſhe had nothing to dread, but was diſturbed by the repeated cries of the Canoneſs, who inceſſantly called for him, as ſhe ſat in her coach, and who began to be very impatient that he did not come. At laſt ſhe called ſo loud that Walſtein was obliged to leave Caroline and go to her. He went with the hope of learning what might be the meaning of this

ſtrange adventure; but the poor lady was ſo affected, ſo agitated, and ſaid ſo many things at once that to underſtand any one of them was impoſſible. The Count, beſide, was himſelf in a revery. When he came up to the Canoneſs he perceived ſhe was blind, and this was a new incident of information; he inſtantly recollected the blind relation of whom Lindorf had ſpoken, in his letter to Peterſburg, and to whom the lady he loved devoted all her cares. Could he have doubted of the fearful meaning of Lindorf's late exclamations, this would have removed his doubts. Alas! they were certainties.

The Count helped the Baroneſs out of her carriage, and led her to Caroline, whom they had now ſeated in a chair; nor could ſhe be convinced ſhe was ſtill alive till the dear girl ſaid, with a feeble voice and a gen-

tle

tle mixture of reproach, "Ah! my dear Mamma, what have you done?" By little and little Caroline recovered her ſenſes, but ſhe was ſtill ſo weak, and ſo ill, as to be wholly unable to walk; the Count, therefore, ordered them to bear her gently into the houſe, and, giving his arm to the Baroneſs, followed.

They concluded it was proper to put Caroline to bed; as ſhe herſelf, indeed, deſired they would. The Canoneſs was determined to remain with her, and Walſtein, after having kiſſed her hand, which ſhe no longer withdrew, retired from her apartment and haſtened into that of Lindorf, concerning whom he was become very anxious. He entered, but no Lindorf was there; as he looked round the room, however, he ſaw a letter, lying ſealed, directed to himſelf. He took it, opened it with emotion, and read

what follows, which had been traced by a trembling hand, expreſſive of the great diſorder of the writer.

"A moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and in-
"comprehenſible event has diſcovered the
"fatal ſecret which I meant to have borne
"with me to the grave. I was not maſter
"of myſelf; to behold Caroline dead, or
"dying, and to remain ſilent was beyond
"human poſſibility.—Yes, Walſtein, it is
"ſhe, ſhe herſelf, whom I adored without
"knowing, without imagining, you had the
"moſt diſtant claim to her. I call Heaven
"to witneſs that, the very moment I learnt
"ſhe was yours, I fled with a determined
"and unſhaken reſolution never to ſee her
"more. How was it poſſible I might fore-
"ſee that here, in this retreat, at my own
"houſe——Oh God! this only was want-
"ing to fill up the meaſure of my crimes;

"to

" to complete my fatal deſtiny; this, only,
" of giving a new and incurable wound to
" him I had before ſo irreparably injured!—
" Yet, let me hope not. Oh, Walſtein!
" Caroline is a miracle! She alone is worthy
" of you, and you the ſole man on earth
" deſerving of her! May you be long
" happy!——I will deliver you from a
" wretched friend who ſeems to exiſt only
" for your torment. One favour, only, let
" me aſk; it is the laſt; ſuffer your Lady
" to remain ignorant that I have ſeen her,
" and that you are privy to this my guilty
" paſſion. Much am I deceived if ſhe herſelf
" do not ſoon inform you of it; ſhe will
" not long have any ſecrets for you. To
" learn it from her own mouth will be a
" moſt pleaſing proof of her confidence
" in you, and ſhe will not ſuſpect I have
" been deſpicable enough to betray her
" ſecret. Walſtein! Caroline! Farewell!

"Dear poſſeſſors of a heart alike torn by "love and friendſhip, for ever, farewell! "Forget, but do not hate, the miſerable "Lindorf!

"P. S. You will command, at Rone- "bourg, as at your own houſe; I have left "orders for that purpoſe. When I come "to any fixed place of abode, I will write "once more, Walſtein, that I may be cer- "tain you pardon me and are happy; and "happy you certainly will be, ſince Caro- "line is yours.

"I promiſe not to attempt my own life; "but muſt live far diſtant from you both."

This letter had been written with ſo much haſte and emotion that it was ſcarcely legible. Having once run it over, the Count immediately went in ſearch of Varner, the valet

valet de chambre of Lindorf. His intention was to send him off, immediately, after his master, to intreat him to return; but he presently found this was impracticable. As soon as Lindorf had found his fears were false, and that Caroline was only in a fit, not dead, he instantly ordered his servants to saddle an excellent English horse, while he wrote the above letter, after which he departed full speed. He had told Varner to follow, with such baggage as was necessary, and meet him at a place which he himself would take care to indicate; recommended every possible attention and obedience to the commands of the Count, and his guests, and instantly disappeared, forbidding him to follow.

As soon as the Count found there were no hopes of overtaking him, at present, he made Varner promise to inform him, the first

firſt intelligence he ſhould receive, where his maſter was; then again peruſed the letter, which brought tears into his eyes. Walſtein now became impatient to learn what could have been the motive of this ſtrange viſit, and ſent to know if he might ſpeak with the Canoneſs in a private apartment. She came immediately, with the meſſenger, being as impatient to ſpeak as the Count was to hear. After informing him the Counteſs was fallen aſleep, "though," ſaid ſhe, "the cataſtrophe has not happened exactly as I could have wiſhed, are not you exceedingly obliged to me, Sir, for having brought you Lady Walſtein?"

"Before I can teſtify my gratitude, Madam, I muſt be certain ſhe was not brought againſt her will."

"Againſt her will, my Lord! Surely you cannot ſuppoſe it! Againſt her will!

You do not know me. Do you think I would *force* the dear girl to any thing? No, my Lord, she was quite pleased at the journey; nor has she been so chearful for this many a day as she was on the road—Quite impatient to arrive"——

"This is very strange; unaccountably strange," interrupted the Count. "I imagined her fainting, her tears, what she said to you with a tone of reproach, were all"—

"All amazement, at finding herself so unexpectedly here—The agitation of a first meeting—I know not what—Young persons are so timid. I own it would, perhaps, have been better to have prepared her for it; but then, on the other hand, where would have been the surprise? And, if ever your history should be written, this will be the

the most interesting event in your whole life.

The Count, who knew not the romantic turn of the Canoness, astonished at so strange a remark, gazed with wonder, requested an explanation, and learnt, at last, that, though Caroline was not brought to Ronebourg against her will, it was without her knowledge; which proceeding he was very far from approving, and as frankly told the Canoness so, who excused herself by her ardent desire to see them united, and the fear of not succeeding so well by any other means. "Yet," said she, "had I supposed—But, I confess, I had totally forgotten all that."

"What! what!" replied the Count.

"Oh,

"Oh, nothing—Nothing, nothing—Something I must not mention; though it was certainly the cause of that fearful emotion and fainting—But, a propos, my Lord: I understand we are here at the house of the Baron of Lindorf—that this seat is his—'Tis true, I ought to have known it; but I mistook, or forgot, for my memory is become so weak lately—I believed, though I know not why, that Ronebourg belonged to you."

"No, Madam; but it is the same thing; I am at home, here; the Baron of Lindorf is my most intimate friend, and begged me, in his absence, to command his house and servants."

"In his absence! What, is he absent then?" "He is," answered the Count, who, could he have smiled, have smiled he must,

at

at the prudent Canoneſs, who, with ſuch ſimple cunning, told all ſhe knew.

"Abſent! I am quite happy at that! It is the luckieſt circumſtance!"

"Why lucky, Madam?"

"I—That is—I—Becauſe—he will not be afflicted—I mean troubled"—

The poor lady knew not what to ſay; ſhe was ſorry to find ſhe had thought aloud, tho' that was by no means a new thing with her, and ſhe trembled leſt ſhe had diſcovered a ſecret which ſhe ſuppoſed it was of the utmoſt importance carefully to keep. The Count increaſed her embarraſſment.

"You mean to ſay, Madam, the Baron has avoided the ceremony of receiving ſtrangers;

ſtrangers; he not having the pleaſure of being acquainted with you?"

Notwithſtanding ſhe wiſhed to do it, the Canoneſs could not tell a falſehood with that intrepidity the occaſion ſeemed to require.—"No—Yes—That is—we are not wholly unacquainted; he happened to be one of our country neighbours; his eſtate of Riſberg joins to mine, at Rindaw, and we uſed to ſee him every day: nay, indeed, he is, as I may ſay, one of our friends; though I think him a little given to change; a—a rover."

Walſtein, who thought the Baroneſs and this converſation very ſingular, was going to defend Lindorf, when repeated cries from Caroline's bed-chamber alarmed him. She had juſt awaked in a burning and delirious fever; and every ſymptom indicated the beginning

beginning of a very ſerious and dangerous illneſs. Her maid, whom ſhe did not know, unable to hold her, was obliged to call for help. The Count, deeply affected, went up to her bed, out of which ſhe abſolutely would get. "Let them take me back to Rindaw," ſaid ſhe; "I won't ſee him, he will kill me; I will depart alone, on foot; I will fly, to avoid him, to the world's end."

Her imagination, at other moments, full of Lindorf, made her take the Count for him; and, puſhing him from her, ſhe conjured him to fly; reproaching him for being the cauſe of all her miſery. Then, again thinking ſhe ſpoke to the Count, ſhe exclaimed, with the utmoſt tenderneſs, "Oh thou whom, for my happineſs, too late I have known, thou whom I love, whom I ſhall ever love wherefore doſt thou fly me?

But

But I will follow, will ſupplicate, will force thee to ſee and hear me."

Knowing only ſo much as Walſtein at preſent knew, it was impoſſible he could ſuppoſe Caroline thought of him while ſhe ſpoke laſt, or of Lindorf in what ſhe had ſaid before. But, afflicted as he was for himſelf, he was ſtill more ſo for Caroline. He would not leave her, but remained in her chamber all night, after having, with much intreaty, prevailed on the Canoneſs to ſleep in another apartment. Caroline continued in the ſame agitation and delirium. The Count, mean time, ſent to the neareſt town for the beſt phyſician the place could afford; and, likewiſe, ſent a courier, poſt, to Berlin, for the firſt men in the profeſſion. He alſo thought it prudent to ſend for the High Chamberlain; but, not wiſhing to alarm him, he only ſaid, in his letter,

he

he intreated him to come, immediately, to Ronebourg, on an affair of the utmoſt importance.

The Count never quitted his poſt, by the bedſide of Caroline, except when obliged, and then reluctantly. At day-break the country phyſician arrived, and Walſtein was greatly alarmed at perceiving his ignorance. He pronounced it to be the ſmall-pox, though the Canoneſs affirmed Caroline had had it in her infancy, at Rindaw, and even told where pock marks remained, which put it out of doubt. Her fever and delirium increaſed, and on the third day ſhe ſeemed to be in the utmoſt danger. Imagine what were the feelings of the Count, thus removed as he was from all efficacious aid; for, let the courier make what haſte he could, it was impoſſible the phyſician from Berlin ſhould arrive before the ſeventh or eighth

eighth day. Theſe were days of cruel anxiety to Walſtein; they were paſſed in momentary dread of ſeeing her he adored expire. Her ſickneſs, by increaſing his feelings, increaſed his attachment: the aſſiduous and tender cares he beſtowed on her, the patience and gentleneſs ſhe diſcovered at thoſe intervals when ſhe was not delirious, the character her maids gave her, and the real grief they ſhewed, certain proofs how deſervedly ſhe was beloved, all ſtrengthened his affection. To the dread of loſing her was added the reproach of being himſelf the cauſe of her ſufferings. He was convinced the ſtratagem made uſe of to bring her thither, which was equivalent to violence, her dread of living with him, her paſſion for Lindorf, and the natural ſtruggles of love and duty, had thus endangered and might rob her of life. In one of theſe moments of grief, affection, and remorſe, proſtrate

trate at her bedside, he took a solemn oath, should Heaven be pleased to preserve her from the grave, be his sufferings what they might, to make her happy.——" God of mercies!" said he, with hands upraised to Heaven, " Save this unfortunate victim of tyranny and love! Deign to hear the vow I make of resigning her to the man who possesses her heart!"

Caroline was incapable of understanding, or, perhaps, she would have intreated him to have been less ready to yield her to another; but she had lain totally senseless during the last four and twenty hours. Happily, the King's first physician arrived that night. He did not dissemble the extreme danger in which he found the patient, and his whole dependance was on her youth. He administered, however, such assistance as had been too long delayed, and said that if she outlived

lived the ninth and thirteenth days he then ſhould have ſome hope; but till they were paſt could not pretend to give any.

The Count, though a prey to the moſt ſevere affliction, was obliged to diſſemble his feelings; for the Canoneſs ſuffered ſo fearfully that her inquietudes were not the leaſt of his diſtreſſes. The loſs of her ſight made it eaſy for thoſe who had no reſpect for truth to impoſe upon her; but not for Walſtein. Her queſtions were inceſſant, and ſhe was never ſatisfied unleſs ſhe heard the moſt exact and circumſtantial account. After he had been carefully attending on Caroline, and, overcome with fatigue, had retired to take a little repoſe, ſhe never failed either to come to him or ſend to beg he would come to her. When he was abſent it was with the utmoſt difficulty they could keep her from Caroline, whom ſhe

might disturb but could not aid; the Count was the only person who had any power over her, and she was never satisfied unless he was conversing with her. Thus was Walstein often torn from the pillow of Caroline, though he was wretched if he trusted her but for a moment to the care of others. He supported all this with that patience, fortitude, and mildness, of which he alone was capable, and thought himself well rewarded for all his pangs by the melancholy pleasure of watching the most adorable of women. Then it was he felt a real gratitude towards the Canoness for having brought her; for he supposed her present illness had a more remote cause than the agitation her arrival had occasioned: this might have hastened its crisis, but he attributed it wholly to her passion for Lindorf and her affliction at the supposed impossibility of union. In this conjecture every circumstance

ſtance confirmed him, and her determination to paſs her whole life in retirement was not the leaſt. Again and again did he read the letter he had received from her, and in it could perceive nothing but a continued ſacrifice of love to duty. *Solitude has nothing fearful for my imagination; on the contrary, it is the boundary of my wiſhes.*—"No, dear Caroline," ſaid he, "thou deceiveſt thyſelf; or rather virtue deceives thee. I were the moſt barbarous, worſt of men, were I longer to remain an impediment to the happineſs of two people to me equally dear, and who, for my ſake, are both deſcending to the tomb. O Caroline! O Lindorf! Wherefore do you not hear me? Wherefore may I not this moment beſtow you on each other?"

Neither did he doubt but that her tender exclamation, *Alas! I have no regret but that*

of not having made the first of mankind happy! was, at least, as much addressed to Lindorf as to Walstein!—"Happy," said he, "sovereignly happy, ought to be the man whom thou preferest; and happy he shall be.—Can I flatter myself with being this man? Oh! no; too well I know the contrary. But should it be too late, should Caroline be torn from us, should remorseless death prevent the reparation I owe her, ah! what must then become of me!"—The thought was distracting, and yet this thought was every moment renewed.

The High Chamberlain did not arrive till the day after the physician; nor, perhaps, would he have been there so soon had not the letter of the Count found him ready to set off for Rindaw; he, therefore, had only to take a different road, and see at once his son and daughter; though this, or the cause

cauſe of his being ſent for, he little ſuſpected. His coming happened to be on one of the days of criſis. Walſtein had not left Caroline a moment, and, in his anxiety, had wholly forgotten his father-in-law, when the latter, but half informed by the ſervants, from whom he had only heard that the Count was with his Lady, entered the chamber precipitately, ſaying aloud, as he opened the door, "My daughter, the Counteſs of Walſtein, here, and I not know it! Where is ſhe, that I may embrace her?"

"Alas! my Lord, behold where ſhe is;" anſwered the Count, pointing: "ſhe ſeemed ſomething better, and we began to hope—But I doubt leſt your entrance"—

In fact, the patient, diſturbed at the noiſe, opened her aſtoniſhed eyes, looked round her, ſaw herſelf in a ſtrange apartment, her

father and her husband both by her bedside, knew them, and, unable to support so many emotions at once, fell into a more alarming delirium than she had ever been in before. The physician came and insisted every body should leave the room, and the Count conducted the High Chamberlain, in the midst of his consternation, to the apartment of the Canoness. Unable to remain long absent from Caroline, he left them together, hoping, at least, that the Baron would release him from the care of attending on the Canoness; but this hope was of short duration. Scarcely were they alone a minute before they mutually began to reproach each other. The lady that she had been so long left ignorant of the marriage of her dear pupil, and the high Chamberlain that she had not informed him of her having undertaken this journey. Thus, proceeding from complaint to complaint, and from one

cause

cauſe of vexation to another, they at laſt were both ſo angry, and ſpoke ſo loud, that the Count was obliged to go and keep the peace. He found them both highly irritated, and reciprocally ſaying the moſt bitter things; though ſtill calling each other, from habit, My dear High Chamberlain! and My dear Baroneſs!

It is poſſible that, at ſome moments, ſuch a ſcene might have been amuſing; but not with Walſtein's preſent temper of mind. He endeavoured to put an end to it, and re-eſtabliſh harmony, which he could no otherwiſe effect but by recalling to mind their former paſſion, at the recollection of which the poor Canoneſs melted. The High Chamberlain was not quite ſo ſoft; but the Count having reminded him of the obligations he had, and *might* ſtill have, to his friend, he was, almoſt immediately, ſo

moved that he could not expreſs his feelings; he went up to his dear Baroneſs, and begged her to excuſe his warmth of temper; was ſorry, very ſorry, exceedingly ſorry; while ſhe with dignity and affection gave him her hand to kiſs, telling him he abuſed the power he had over her. After the High Chamberlain had devoutly paid his reſpects to this once fair hand, peace was reſtored, and the Count returned to his beloved patient.

Where is the reader who is not by this time acquainted with the character of Walſtein? Who will not eaſily imagine, although it be not circumſtantially related, the deep affliction of theſe his days of incertitude and dread? The more he thought the greater were his terrors; and, during the latter part of this ſevere illneſs, he could not leave his Caroline, day nor night; he never

never quitted his arm chair, which was placed by her bedside; and if, at some moments, over-wearied nature exacted a short and painful sleep, he soon waked and started, with the mortal dread of no more finding her who was now become the only object of his thoughts. The thirteenth day at length arrived, which the physician declared was to be the crisis of her fate, and a dreadful day it was. The Count wished singly to support its horror; he neither told the High Chamberlain nor the Baroness that, perhaps, at midnight, their friend and daughter would be no more. He determined to sit up alone with her; and oh! how ardent were the prayers he sent up to Heaven for her relief! With what agonizing affection did he press that feeble and burning hand to his lips and to his heart! How often did the tears swim in his eyes while fixed on those of Caroline, to which

the fever ſtill gave motion, and which, perhaps, ere morning would cloſe eternally.

This laſt criſis was ſo violent that the alarmed phyſician ſaid nothing leſs than a miracle could make her live over the day. The diſtracted Count, ſunk in grief, unable longer to ſuſtain the ſight, or to tear himſelf from the dying Caroline, had ſtill the farther pang of being obliged to prepare the father and the friend for the fearful cataſtrophe. He had ſo continually endeavoured to comfort them, and inſpire hope, that, far from ſuſpecting, they were lulled into a kind of ſecurity which muſt render the information tenfold horrid. The Count had promiſed to inform them how Caroline was, but, terrified himſelf at what he had to communicate, he ſtopped, for ſome moments, in the anti-chamber, to calm his own mind and collect all his fortitude. "Ah,"

thought

thought he, "if this unfortunate father feels, as I do, all the weight of remorse; if to the recollection of having sacrificed his daughter her death be added, how may he support his sorrow!—Oh! my Caroline, thy executioners weep, and thou dieſt! Yet wilt thou not die unrevenged; for, sure, the torments I suffer are far worse than death."

While he was thus hesitating, the valet de chambre of Lindorf, seeing him, came up hastily, and told him he wished to speak to him; he had received a letter from his master, who was waiting for him at Hamburg, whence he was to embark for England. Varner intended to set off that very night, and only waited the commands of the Count. Instead of giving an answer, Walstein stood silent; absorbed in thought little short of distraction: at length, sud-

denly ſtarting, he bade him wait, and went into his cloſet, without himſelf knowing what he intended.—

"Write to Lindorf! And at a moment like this! What ſhall I ſay to him? Shall I take the dagger, reeking from my own heart, and plunge it into my friend's? Shall I deſire him to return, only that I may behold him expire on the tomb of her he adores? Yet," ſaid he, with inſtantaneous recollection, "might not Caroline, might not love work a miracle, which, perhaps, is reſerved for love alone?—Were there but time!—If Lindorf were but preſent!—God of Heaven! who heareſt my prayer, grant yet a few days, and Caroline, perhaps, may be reſtored!"

However vague might be the hope, that, juſt then, ſeemed to enlighten his imagination,

tion, he liſtened to it with pleaſure, and, ſnatching up the pen, inſtantaneouſly wrote the following words:

"Lindorf, wait not a moment; ſet off; "travel day and night; ſhould you not "meet me, come immediately here; and, "if meet me you ſhould, I ſhall have ſome-"thing to communicate.—We ſhall never "return to Ronebourg more.

"EDMUND COUNT OF WALSTEIN."

The Count himſelf took this ſhort letter to Varner, commanded him inſtantly to ſet off, never to ſtop, except to change horſes, and, as he hoped for future favour or affection, not to mention a word of the illneſs and danger of the Counteſs, fearing leſt the dreadful tidings might wholly incapacitate Lindorf for the journey. Should he have the miſery to loſe Caroline before

the

the arrival of Lindorf, and to survive her death, Walstein was determined to go and meet him, that they might together leave this land of wretchedness and despair, and, in a foreign country, together bear, together endure, their griefs and their regret.

This was destined to be a day of trial to the Count. As he was returning to see how Caroline did, a letter was brought him which had just arrived. At any other time the very sight of the hand writing would have inspired pleasure. It was his sister's, the young Countess Matilda, from whom it was long since he had heard; and, impatient as he would have otherwise been, he was then so wholly lost in sorrow that he opened the letter almost mechanically; yet, having read, it was impossible to remain insensible to its contents.

Dresden,

Dreſden, October 14, 17—.

"I have been aſſured my dear brother "is returned, yet cannot believe the in- "telligence true: I know his heart, it "would ſoon have brought him to his poor "Matilda, or he certainly would, at leaſt, "have written to her, and his letter, and "the certainty he was no longer in another "country, almoſt another world, would "have been ſome little conſolation. Ah! "my dear brother, how many ſorrows have "I known while you have been in that "vile Ruſſia!—What would you have ſaid "if you no more had found your poor "ſiſter?—For, I aſſure you, I would ra- "ther die a thouſand times than ever con- "ſent to their wiſhes. The Baron de "Zaſtrow is a fine young gentleman, an "amiable perſon, poliſhed manners, and "adores me.—With ſuch like diſcourſe am "I perſecuted from morning till night.—

And,

"And, if it all were true, what would "that be to me? The Baron de Zaſtrow "is not the Baron of Lindorf; and, there- "fore, is nothing—nothing to me.

"Alas! my dear, my tender brother, "you ſee your ſiſter knows how to love, "knows how to be conſtant, and that her "levity is not in her heart. But ah! that "levity is all vaniſhed; that flighty mirth, "concerning which you checked me ſo "much, when you were here, and which "made you ſuſpect I had no affection, is "all gone. I preſerved it as long as I "could, becauſe ſorrow is no cure for love, "and is, beſide, very troubleſome; and, "being determined, certain of the love of "Lindorf, of your ſupport, and my own "fortitude, I thought I had nothing to "fear. I now find my error, and my only "hope is in my dear brother. The Baron

"teizes

"teizes me, my aunt torments me, and "Lindorf writes to me no more; nay, "even you, my brother, seem to have "adandoned me; but into your arms I "throw myself; to you I appeal for suc-"cour and support. Come and protect a "passion to which you gave birth, and "which never, while I have life, can end. "Is it not to you that I owe my dear Lin-"dorf? Remember how often you have "said to me, my dear sister, love Lin-"dorf, love him as you do me. And "oh! how willingly did I obey your in-"junction! For I love him, not only as I "love my brother, but, as the man with "whom, of all the men on earth, I would "wish to live and die.—I will not believe "his silence is any proof either of incon-"stancy or forgetfulness. You were on "your return, and he did not know by "what means to send me his letters. No,

"I will

" I will not add to all my other griefs that " of ſuſpecting Lindorf; for that is an " affliction I certainly could not find ſtrength " to ſupport.

" Adieu, my dear, dear brother.—Ah! " did you ſee your poor Matilda, you would " not know her; ſhe neither laughs nor " ſings, but cries all day long, nay, ſeems " as if ſhe would not much longer be pretty; " her cheeks are not now as round as an " apple and as red as a roſe, as you ſo often " have kiſſed and called them.—Ah! re- " turn, return, my brother, and give me " back all I have loſt. If you come, my " cheerfulneſs, my felicity, my love, and " the roſes of my cheeks will all come with " you.——Ah! would you were married! " With what joy ſhould I leave this place " to live with you and your lady! And " why are you not? Make haſte then and

" get

"get married, and make two poor girls "happy, your wife and your

"MATILDA.

"P. S. Once more let me conjure you "to come to Dresden, there to defend and "preserve me for your friend, for the man "of your choice and of mine, or I will not "answer for what may happen."

"Merciful providence!" said the Count, as he ended, "must every sensation that ought to add to my felicity become my torment!"—He deferred answering his sister's letter, and reflecting on her situation, till he could find a more tranquil moment; if such he might ever find, and once more entered the chamber of Caroline, where all former ideas were effaced at the sight of what he beheld. The Canoness, out of patience that the Count returned not, had

obliged

obliged them to lead her into the ſick chamber, where, unable to ſee, ſhe had ſeated herſelf at the ſide of Caroline, had taken one of her hands, and was intreating and conjuring her to give ſome ſign of life and recollection. But Caroline, feeble, inanimate, and apparently ſurrounded by the ſhades of death, anſwered not, made not the leaſt motion, while her unhappy friend yielded to all the dreadful ſenſations of horror and deſpair.

On the other ſide of the bed ſtood their two maids, weeping, and a little farther, the High Chamberlain, ſunk ſilent in an arm chair, with his hands ſpread over his face, and overwhelmed with grief. For the firſt time in his life, he felt that riches and honours were not ſufficient to make his child happy. The phyſician, in equal conſternation, ſat by his ſide, a mournful ſpectator

of

of this ſcene of ſorrow, and without apparent hope of ever recalling Caroline to life.

The ſight, as the Count entered, the different attitudes and behaviour of the different perſons, made him conclude that all was over, and that the moſt angelic of women was no more. All fortitude and philoſophy now forſook him, his icy blood froze in his veins, and ſeemed to give him hopes he ſoon ſhould follow; he flung himſelf on the bed of death, and fixed his lips on the cold lips of Caroline without perceiving that ſhe ſtill breathed. "Dear and beloved victim," ſaid he, riſing with diſtraction, "thou ſoon wilt be revenged."

The Count was going to quit the room in all the phrenzy of remorſe and deſpair, which might, perhaps, have induced him

to make ſome raſh attempt upon his own life, had he not been intercepted by the High Chamberlain and the phyſician. The latter aſſured him the Counteſs was not dead, and that he had not even loſt all hope. "She lies at preſent," ſaid he, "in a kind of trance, the natural conſequence of the fearful ſtruggle ſhe juſt has had, and ſhe will paſs from this ſtate into a ſound ſleep, which will decide her fate; for, if ſhe awakes, I can then pronounce her recovery more than probable; but, conſidering her preſent weakneſs, I muſt own I think her awaking very uncertain.

"Oh God of benevolence!" exclaimed the Count, looking with fervour up to Heaven, and afterwards claſping the phyſician's hands, "is it poſſible! Sir, is it poſſible!—May ſhe ſtill live? Can my fortune, can my life ſuffice?"—

"At preſent Sir, my art is uſeleſs, and every other human aid; to nature we muſt leave her, and to that conſtitution which muſt have been naturally good, or ſhe would have been dead before this. The cares of the lover and the huſband may be more efficacious than mine; to thoſe we will commit her. Come, Sir," ſaid the phyſician, turning to the High Chamberlain, "go to your apartment, and ſet your "ſon an example of fortitude."

They were about to quit the room when another ſtrange ſcene of affliction and death drew their attention. Well might they have been ſurpriſed at the ſilence of the Canoneſs, while all this paſſed; but, alas! the poor lady, whether her powers were too weak to reſiſt the terrors of the moment, or whether Heaven had ordained that to be the period of her life and infirmities, a ſudden ſtroke

of apoplexy had, unperceived by every person in the room, seized her; she was reclined on one of the pillows of Caroline, weeping, as they had imagined, but most unable to weep, though some signs of life still remained. The servants instantly carried her into her own apartment, and every immediate assistance was given, but ineffectually; she expired in a few minutes, without ever recovering her senses.

An event like this might well draw off attention, for a while, from the first object of their grief. The Count, himself, for a moment, in new astonishment and affliction forgot the old; but, suddenly recovering recollection, he envied the Baroness, whom he thought more happy than himself in not being able to survive the friend she loved.

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As for the High Chamberlain he ſtood wholly aſtound. To the ſorrow of loſing his ancient miſtreſs was added the fear of following her; he was the oldeſt of the two, and her ſudden death had ſo much affected him that he imagined he had only a few moments to live. To behold, in the ſhort ſpace of ten minutes, his daughter expiring, her huſband ready to attempt his own life, and his friend actually give up the ghoſt, might well terrify an old man who was tenacious of life in proportion to his attachment to his great wealth and high dignities. He every moment repeated, "I feel I am very ill!"

Walſtein, rouſed by accumulating terror to recollection, ſaw the illneſs of the High Chamberlain was not dangerous, yet recommended him to the phyſician's care, left the corpſe of the Canoneſs to that of her women, and, after having ſhed tears of ſincere affec-

tion to the memory of her who had educated Caroline, and whose friendship for her had apparently brought her to the grave, he again entered the apartment of his dying lady. He sent away the attendants, and approached her bed with feelings that seemed the harbingers of horror. Caroline still continued in that kind of stupor or profound trance in which he had left her; the excessive tranquillity of her sleep was terrible; a motion of the bosom, almost imperceptible, was the only proof she still was alive, and this motion Walstein imagined he every instant saw diminish. As he sat beside her bed, the tears fell from his eyes, unperceived by himself; incessantly did he place the downy feather on her lips to find whether she yet respired; and so doubtful was it that he raised his hands to Heaven, and instinctively exclaimed, "Why, O! why, cannot I die, also!" Sometimes he fixed

his eyes on her pale, yet ever charming, face, the features of which ſtill preſerved their enchanting form, and felt ſenſations of love, grief, and regret, ſo forcible that the moſt beautiful women in the bloom of health ſeldom have inſpired their equal.

"Angel of bliſs," ſaid he, preſſing his lips to one of her hands, "pure and celeſtial ſpirit, and ſhalt thou die then, and never know how infinitely thou art adored by the cruel huſband who has been thy aſſaſſin! Shalt thou die without pardoning him, without knowing that thou thyſelf mighteſt ſtill have been happy!—And thou, wretched Lindorf! where, where art thou, now, while thy Caroline is expiring? Thou mighteſt have reſtored her to life; and, by yielding her to thee, to thee ſhould I have been indebted for more than mine, alſo!"

Then would he rise, after meditations like these, so overwhelmed with affliction as to be absolutely without any distinct ideas; and, almost upon the verge of distraction, would walk around the chamber with phrenzy in his countenance; till, suddenly recollecting himself, with reproach for having an instant quitted her, fearing lest her last sigh should escape and he not present, again, with impetuosity would he approach. And thus was passed this dreadful night, which, notwithstanding all he suffered, appeared to him very short. The rays of morning were the messengers of terror, the fearful moment approached, and the sentence of the physician was continually present to his imagination; incessantly sounding in his ear, *If she awake I can, then, pronounce her recovery more than probable; but, I must own, I think her awaking very uncertain.* This dreadful incertitude was every

moment

moment increaſed, for her ſleep, while it was lengthened, ſeemed every moment more profound, ſo that, at laſt, he no longer had the leaſt hope.

While the Count was ſtanding in this ſtate of dread and deſpair, he heard her reſpiration ſuddenly increaſe, approached, and ſaw her breaſt begin to heave; and, preſently, a deep ſigh, almoſt a groan, eſcaped. ——Ah! It is her laſt!——So fears Walſtein. The dreadful moment is arrived! He utters an inarticulate cry, throws himſelf on the bed, and claſps her in his arms, as if to ſnatch her from the graſp of death, or himſelf die with her.

But Oh! bleſt ſurpriſe! Oh happineſs unhoped! It is not an inanimate corpſe; it is a living creature! that moves and endeavours to aid itſelf! The head, that hung helpleſs, attempts to riſe; the extended arms

approach each other; the bloodleſs cheeks and lips once more aſſume the feeble tints of reviving nature; and her eyes, which he thought for ever cloſed, now gently roll.—Caroline lives! Caroline breathes, looks around, tries to recollect herſelf, and fixes her attention on the Count, with ſomewhat of aſtoniſhment, but without the leaſt indication of fear; no, it was with a gentle ſmile, ſuch as the awakened infant gives its affectionate mother. She ſtretches out one hand, which he with rapture receives!——Oh! who may paint his feelings!——In a moment did he paſs from the brink of diſtraction to the heaven of bliſs! Bliſs he ſcarcely could conceive real! His whole ſoul is in his eyes, that, voracious, devour every motion of Caroline; he preſſes his hand to her heart, kneels at her ſide, and exclaims, again and again, in a delirium of joy, "*If ſhe awake, her recovery is more than pro-*

able

bable——"Oh! God of mercies! Oh! Caroline! Art thou, art thou reſtored to us? Speak, dear Caroline; ſpeak but a ſingle word; convince me, let me hear thy voice, tell me, is it poſſible thou canſt have recollected that huſband——I mean that friend, who would but exiſt to render thee happy."

"Yes, Sir," ſaid ſhe, faintly, "I recollect you perfectly; there is no other perſon on earth who is capable of ſo much kindneſs, ſo many cares, and of ſuch unſhaken generoſity!—But where am I? Where are we?—At whoſe houſe?—For that I cannot recollect."

"Dear Caroline, think of your health; think only of your health, for our ſakes, and be tranquil; you are at the houſe of a friend, yes, a friend, Caroline; but let me intreat you not to ſpeak; permit me to call the phyſician.

He was going to ring the bell, but Caroline ſtopped him by laying her hand on his arm.—"Only one word, Sir, and I have done. I promiſe to be docile, but I muſt aſk you—Where is my dear Mamma, my friend? Where is the Canoneſs? Is ſhe well?—How unhappy muſt ſhe have been on my account!—And my father? I have ſome confuſed recollection of having ſeen him, ſomewhere, not long ſince."

"He is here; and you will ſee him again, as ſoon as it is proper."

"But my dear Mamma?"

"She has left us."

"Then ſhe is at Rindaw, I hope?"

Infinitely as Walſtein deteſted a falſehood, yet, this was no moment to heſitate; the life of Caroline was at ſtake. "Yes," ſaid he, ſeizing the clue ſhe had given, "ſhe

"she is at Rindaw, undoubtedly; have no fears for her; she is well, she is happy, she is ignorant of your present danger.—But, dear Caroline, let me conjure you to think only of your own recovery, and how much the safety of all your friends depends on that; I am sure this, to you, will be a sufficient motive."

He rang, a servant came; he gave orders to call the physician, drew the curtains close, sat down by the bedside, and, notwithstanding the excess of his joy, was silent. And now, even at this happy moment, did the tender and preventive Walstein begin to revolve how he best might execute the melancholy task of preparing Caroline for the death of her friend, so as to give her the least affliction possible. The thing first and most necessary was to conceal it from her till she had fully recovered her strength.

While he was thus reflecting, the phyſician entered and confirmed all his hopes. The pulſe, though very feeble, was excellent; every unfavourable ſymptom had diſappeared, and recovery was certain, provided proper care was taken. This muſt be inceſſant; but could this be wanting while Walſtein was preſent?

"Caroline is ſo good, ſo generous," ſaid the Count, "that ſhe herſelf, I am ſure, will be wholly obedient to your injunctions. Duty, friendſhip, love, all are ſuppliants; certain of being favourably heard by her ſympathetic and affectionate heart."

"Yes," ſaid Caroline, ſoftly, "do not fear, I will do every thing I am bid."—A tear that ſtarted to her eye proved how much ſhe was affected by the tenderneſs of Walſtein, and ſhe was going to have added

more

more had not the physician imposed silence. The Count and he went out together, and the physician insisted on the absolute necessity of concealing the death of the Canoness from Caroline; for the least emotion, he said, must indubitably have the most fatal effects. The Count shuddered at the supposition, and, immediately, went with him to the High Chamberlain to consult the means of concealing this event. A long sleep, out of which he had just awaked, had somewhat dispelled his late fears of death, and the resurrection of his daughter gave him still higher hopes; especially when he remembered, which he very expeditiously did, she was certainly left the sole heiress of her friend. The Count, fearing some imprudence on his part, and no way averse to rid himself of a man whose cold and selfish character gave him continual disgust, endeavoured to persuade him that eti-

quette required he ſhould accompany the corpſe of the Baroneſs to Rindaw, and there ſee the laſt duties of humanity performed. This gloomy ceremony was not at all to his taſte, but Walſtein, deſirous of determining him to go, told him that the will of the Baroneſs was, no doubt, in favour of his family, and that his own intereſt required him to be preſent at Rindaw, where this will muſt be left, to take poſſeſſion of the lands and wealth bequeathed. This was ſo unanſwerable an argument, to the High Chamberlain, that he never attempted to make another objection; he only required to ſee lady Walſtein, for thus he always called Caroline, before his departure. They therefore concluded to tell her that the High Chamberlain was going to Rindaw, to inform the Baroneſs of her recovery; and, when he was there, it would be eaſy to prepare Caroline, by degrees, in his letters,

letters, for the melancholy news of her friend's death.

Her father, therefore, was introduced into her chamber, where he told her, after his manner, how happy he was to see her so well, and to leave her with a husband to whom, and for whose cares and attentions, she could not be too grateful: on which occasion he informed her of circumstances she knew not before; and when he told her the Count had neither undressed himself nor once quitted her chamber for several successive nights, the tears swam in Caroline's eyes, and, with tenderness and remorseful recollection, she said, "Oh my Lord! how superior, how noble is your mind! Ah! what would you do for a wife whom"——

She durst not add "*whom you should love,*"

love," and the Count gave a very different interpretation to her break; he added "*who could love you.*" And thus did two hearts, naturally so concordant, mistake each other, and prepare themselves new vexations, new torments. Every time that Caroline, uneasy for the health of the Count, conjured him to take rest, and protested she did not want assistance, he, persuaded she desired his absence, imagined that, to a good and feeling heart, the kind attentions of love it could not return were, each, a dagger wounding Gratitude: and this painful, this distracting thought would sometimes make him abruptly leave her, which she, on her part, attributed to indifference. Each, passionately in love and convinced they were not beloved, attributed all those actions to generosity, or to friendship, at the utmost, which sprang from a very different sensation.

tion. But let us not anticipate; return we to the High Chamberlain.

We have beforetime seen he was not scrupulous to excess, concerning telling the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on certain occasions; he, therefore, so well played his part that his daughter, very unsuspectingly, a thousand times thanked him for his kind attention to her dear Mamma, and a thousand times intreated he would make haste to Rindaw. And so many affecting expressions did she use, concerning that dear friend, who no longer existed, that Walstein, unable to suppress his feelings, intreated her to speak no more, but to recollect the severe injunctions of the physician.

"Well, well, I will be silent, only tell her, my dear father, that it is for her, for her

her alone, and to ſee her, once again, Caroline wiſhes to recover. Tell her, alſo, that the moſt generous of men"——

He ſtood by her ſide, and interrupted her by gently laying his hand upon her lips.—She was prompted to have given that dear hand a kiſs; nay, the firſt motion was made, nor do we know by what fear ſhe was reſtrained, nor what her feelings preciſely were. We only know a ſlight tremor ſeized her, and that the Count, perceiving it, was far from imagining its true cauſe. He haſtened the High Chamberlain away, and ſaw him get into the poſt-chaiſe with pleaſure. The corpſe of the Canoneſs was to follow by night, and her women, and the ſervants ſhe had brought, to which were added others by the Count, were to eſcort it: Caroline's maid and footman ſtaid at Ronebourg to attend on their miſtreſs.

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The physician, whose affairs required he should not long be absent from Berlin, was desirous to return; but the Count, however, by his earnest entreaties, and the liberality of his presents, prevailed on him to stay a few more days, and not to quit his patient, while the most distant possibility of danger or relapse remained. Nor was this a distant period, each new day bestowed new strength; already she began to sit up, and to walk across her room, leaning on the arm of the Count. Her recovery, at length, could no longer be doubted, and the doctor departed for the capital, rewarded, beyond his hopes, for his skill and care.

And now behold the Count, alone, at Ronebourg, with his Caroline.—His Caroline?—Was she his? Alas! he durst not regard her but as the sacred pledge, the deposit of friendship. His last short letter to

Lindorf

Lindorf was recollected; the lover muſt ſoon arrive, and ſhould he ſend for this unfortunate lover only to make him a witneſs of the woman he adored being in the poſſeſſion of another? And muſt Caroline, the tender-hearted Caroline, whom the ſtruggles of paſſion had brought to the brink of the grave, muſt ſhe ſee him again, again to loſe him? No; Walſtein never had ſo cruel a thought. More and more determined not to violate the oath he ſo ſolemnly had pronounced, when he beheld her dying, but to break the arbitrary chains that had bound her his, and unite her to Lindorf, he only waited the arrival of the latter to inform them both of his generous intentions, and the happineſs he was preparing for them. Fearing, however, leſt the exceſs of this happineſs might, at preſent, be too much for Caroline, he would not abruptly tell her all he meant to do; neither would he lay

that

that grateful, that affectionate, heart under obligations which would be too oppreſſive; ſtill leſs would he ſuffer her to ſuſpect the pangs his own heart felt in thus renouncing, thus yielding, her to another. "She believes, at preſent," ſaid he, "ſhe owes her life to me, and, I know, would willingly ſacrifice that life to my happineſs; but, no, dear Caroline, no, never ſuch ſacrifice will I exact; I, I alone wiſh, I alone ought, to ſuffer, nor ſhalt thou ever ſuſpect how infinitely I ſhould be miſerable; never ſhalt thou imagine how ardently I adore; friendſhip only ſhalt thou ſee, even when affection is the ſtrongeſt; and if I, in return, may obtain thine, if I may make thee and Lindorf happy, ſhall I be ſo wretched as I ſuppoſe? Oh! Caroline, Caroline; yes, ſtrange paradox! I feel I may be wretched even while I am virtuous!——To yield thee to another and not to die I muſt no more behold, no more have intercourſe with thee!"

And

And according to such suppositions did Walstein form a plan of conduct from which he promised never to depart, till the arrival of Lindorf. Not daring to trust the health of Caroline with any other, and unable, himself, to abstain from the pleasure of administering those aids that might restore her to health, he still continued them with all his former assiduity; but he took care seldom to be alone with her; or, if so, by chance, he found himself, he took up a book and read, or played on the flute, of which he was a master, to amuse her. And when he read, and when he played, there was such sensibility, such passion in every tone, in every sound, that the melting soul of Caroline was all rapture. Her mind, more susceptible by her late sufferings and present recovery, which gave a new charm to every object, became each day, each hour, more and more attached to that ami-

able

able husband, so kind, so complaisant, so deserving of being beloved. Her inclination for Lindorf had but given latent passions action, had but roused sensibility and dormant love, of which, till now, she had only felt the sorrows and the remorse; but, at present, authorized by duty, it had a charm, a fascination; the words happiness, love, and husband, were united, and she could not but hope he loved her, and had granted her pardon. Never did she tire of making her maid repeat the various proofs of affection he had shewn, during her illness; the nights passed in watching over her; the despair so frequently visible when he supposed her recovery impossible; while each circumstance augmented passion till love seemed unbounded, although she durst not give it an epithet more tender than gratitude.

Attentive

Attentive to the leaſt actions of Walſtein, to every motion, and every word, ſhe was not long before ſhe remarked the uneaſy conſtraint he laboured under, and the care he took to avoid all private and particular converſation, relative to themſelves. At the very beginning of her recovery he had told her his friend Lindorf was on the road, that he would not be long before he would arrive, and that he, in the mean while, had his houſe and ſervants at his diſpoſal. The beſt of motives was Walſtein's, when he gave Caroline this information; but ſhe, too weak, at that time, to enter into explanations, could not hear the name of Lindorf, and, eſpecially, his intended return, without a painful ſenſation, an inquietude ſufficiently evident, which but confirmed the Count in his ſuſpicions and intents. She, on the contrary, ſuppoſed he meant to try her; and, therefore, was the more confuſed.

How

How often did she, afterwards, reproach herself for not having seized the opportunity of the moment to open her heart; for not confessing her former and her present sentiments! Yet had she a right so to do? When Lindorf fled and sacrificed himself for Caroline, might Caroline be permitted to risk the loss of his friend; to rob him of a protector; who, at last, might tire of an attachment which, to him, had been so fatal?

To these reflections others were added, by which she was restrained. How might she be the first to tell the Count she loved him, while she doubted of his love for her, and while this doubt every day increased? His present conduct was the very reverse of what it had been, during her illness; and she knew not how to account for either the one or the other.——"If he love me not," thought she, incessantly, "whence that mortal

tal dread of losing me? Whence that despair which had nearly deprived him of life? Or wherefore those raptures, so affecting and so dear to memory, on the hopes of my recovery? Still I behold his tears of joy, still I hear those expressions so kind, so affectionate, which love alone could dictate.—But wherefore are those expressions heard no more? Or why, now I am able to hear and answer, is he silent? Wherefore does he avoid me thus? Alas! it was compassion which agitated his capacious and benevolent mind, and which I misinterpreted love; and now, pity gradually decreasing, resentment succeeds—Oh! my Lord and husband, didst thou but know my heart, my love, my repentance, surely thou wouldest not remain unmoved; surely thou wouldest pardon, nay, perhaps, mightest love and we might still be happy."

Then did she bestow her kisses and her tears on the picture which her woman had taken from her neck, when she fainted, on their first arrival; and which had been carefully concealed. This picture she had asked for at the beginning of her recovery, and it was become to her the most precious thing on earth. At length, unable any longer to support incertitude so distressing, she resolved to oblige the Count to come to some kind of explanation, by testifying her own desire to quit Ronebourg. Nor was this desire feigned; with regret she saw herself in a place she had so many reasons to dislike, and which so continually brought to recollection an error she could not pardon herself. What the Count had said, likewise, concerning the return of his friend, alarmed her. She could not comprehend the motive of this return, but, be it what it might, to be found at Ronebourg would

be equally painful to him and her. She knew not how far the Count's knowledge of former tranſactions extended, for he neither ſpoke of Lindorf, himſelf, the letter he had received, the letters he had written, his deſign to travel, nor of the place where he intended to leave Caroline. In fact, he was wholly ſilent. Unremittingly employed, by his endeavours to amuſe and pleaſe her, his attentions were the attentions of love, his language the language of indifference. Sometimes, when he read a paſſage of ſenſibility, or played an affecting movement on the flute, the tears of ſympathy would ſtand in both their eyes; but, the moment the Count ſaw thoſe of Caroline, he would tear himſelf away, that he might conceal emotions he could not always conquer.

Then would Walſtein bury himſelf in the recluſe foreſt covert, or ſhut himſelf up in his

his cabinet, that he might freely utter his complaints, and vent feelings by which he was oppreſſed.—"Happy Lindorf!" would he ſay; "thou knoweſt not all thy bliſs; knoweſt not my loſs. Come, Oh! come, and dry the tears of Caroline, which flow at thy remembrance, that I may behold her happy ere I die!"

Sometimes he would reproach himſelf for ſuffering her to remain ignorant of her approaching felicity; for not ſaying to her, Lindorf, the regretted, the beloved Lindorf, ſhall be your huſband. But how might he ſay this, unleſs he were more certain he could fulfil his promiſe? Lindorf came not, wrote not; and how if death, ſparing Caroline, had ſtruck his friend! How, if Lindorf was no longer a living being! His blood froze at the thought—"Merciful God!" ſaid he, "thou heardeſt my

prayers for Caroline; Oh! hear them, alſo, for my friend! Let him return, let him be happy, and I, only, miſerable!"

The ſituation of his ſiſter was an additional grief. Deceived by her chearfulneſs, her levity, which was but the levity of infancy, and miſtaken in the perſeverance of her character, he had ſuppoſed her love for Lindorf very feeble, and that the Baron de Zaſtrow would preſently efface the fleeting ſenſation. But her letter ſhewed him his error, proved her paſſion real and laſting, and wounded him to the heart for having given it birth, unable as he was, honourably, to give it conſummation. Matilda, like himſelf, was in love, and, like himſelf, was wretched; he knew he had but to intimate a wiſh and Lindorf would marry her, would thus aſcertain to him the poſſeſſion of Caroline; Lindorf would refuſe

fuse him nothing, and Caroline was too much attached to her duty for him to doubt she would any longer testify her former repugnance. But it was not for Walstein to selfishly take advantage of the generosity of others, and abuse the power gratitude gave. Not his own, no, not his sister's happiness would he thus acquire; nor, indeed, was happiness possible, unless it were mutual. The supposition of her being united to a man whose heart another possessed was not to be borne; he, therefore, resolved, without explaining a secret which not only required too circumstantial a relation for a letter to contain but, by coming so suddenly, might have a fatal effect, to prepare her for the loss of Lindorf, and, therefore, thus he wrote.

Ronebourg, October.

"Yes, dear Matilda, I am returned; "your brother and your friend again are "yours; and, ſurely, you know, by ſym- "pathy you know, his ſentiments are ever "the ſame. They are a part of his being, "and fraternal love, the moſt mild, moſt "durable of all love, is not liable to "change; but, on the contrary, a thou- "ſand circumſtances and conſiderations "ought to continue and increaſe it. The "friend which nature firſt gave us ſhould "have the firſt place in our affections. I "did not think, dear Matilda, it was poſ- "ſible I ſhould love you more than I ever "have done; yet your laſt letter has in- "tereſted me ſo much that it ſeems to "have produced this effect. No longer do "I love a ſweet little girl becauſe ſhe is my "ſiſter, and becauſe ſhe is amiable, but "I now find a friend, a tender friend,

"whoſe

" whose feelings I participate, to whom I
" am obliged for the confidence she repose
" in me, and who, in return, merits mine;
" for I, like her, have need of council and
" consolation.

" Ah! Matilda, your brother's pro-
" spects of happiness are as few as yours.
" Yet, if I am not deceived, I hope, by
" affording each other mutual aid, by
" uniting our reason and our fortitude, we,
" perhaps, may rise superior to the misfor-
" tunes that threaten us, and create a spe-
" cies of happiness for ourselves, founded
" on self-approbation, and the grateful re-
" membrance of having sacrificed our own
" felicity to the felicity of our friends.—
" You understand me not. Well, then, I
" will explain myself, as far as the bounds
" of a letter will permit. The circum-
" stances, and they are many, shall be re-

" lated when we meet, which will be ere " long.

" My melancholy ſtory, Matilda, is more " ſimilar to yours than you imagine. I, " like you, love, and with no leſs violence; " and I am of a ſex that has not the " habit of holding the impetuous emotions " of paſſion in due ſubjection. My love " is unbounded, and yet—Be you the judge " whether it becomes me to renounce it. " I need but ſpeak a word, a ſingle " word, and the woman I love is for ever " mine; but muſt I ſeek my own happi- " neſs at another's expence? Her heart is " not mine. The man ſhe loves is worthy " of that diſtinction, and his paſſion equals " hers. On me, and me only, it depends " for ever to ſeparate or unite them. Alas! " dear Matilda, how feeble are reaſon and " virtue, where the heart is ſubject to the

" imperious

"imperious mandates of paſſion! Only
"imagine that the brother of Matilda is
"undetermined what to do; yet, I hope,
"he will not diſgrace his ſiſter. But Oh!
"my dear, my tender friend, I ſtand in
"need of your ſupport; to be ſuſtained by
"your fortitude, nay, perhaps, by your ex-
"ample. Tell me, were you in my place,
"how would you act? And that you may
"the better decide, the better feel for me,
"ſuppoſe that you yourſelf were in the
"ſame preciſe ſituation; ſuppoſe it to be
"Lindorf you love who is beloved, whoſe
"deſtiny is in my power, and that I may
"beſtow on him, or for ever deprive him of,
"the object of his paſſion and mine. Ah!
"Matilda, already I hear you pronounce
"ſentence; I ſee my dear and tender ſiſter
"ſet me an example of fortitude and gene-
"roſity; ſhe rejects ſuch partial happineſs
"which to herſelf muſt bring remorſe, and

"to

" to the man she loves regret, grief, and,
" perhaps, detestation.——Regret! my
" dear Matilda? The happy mortal who
" possesses thee ought to have far different
" sensations; nor will I ever present thee
" to one who knows not how to esteem thy
" worth, and who cannot love thee, and
" thee only.

" And why may not the Baron de Zas-
" trow be this happy man? Why may not
" he love thee? Thou wilt answer, and I
" acknowledge, it is equally necessary thou
" shouldest love likewise. I shall shortly
" come myself, and, perhaps, shall find
" thou hast been too severe in thy judg-
" ment. Thou seemest to own he is hand-
" some, amiable, and adores thee. These
" are no common advantages, Matilda;
" and, remembering how highly thou wilt
" please thy aunt—Yet be not terrified, I
" first would know whether he deserves

" thee;

" thee; and if thou really canſt not love
" him; for, if ſo, thou art free. Yes, I
" promiſe thee, no earthly power ſhall force
" thy affections, while I exiſt.——Take
" courage, therefore, my dear girl, if Love
" ſhould have pangs in ſtore for thee,
" Friendſhip, I hope, may alleviate them;
" for my own part, I will not complain
" while in my ſiſter I find a friend. Lin-
" dorf is in England. Do not expect any
" letter from him; but I hope he will ſoon
" return, and then I ſhall immediately come
" to Dreſden, ſhall then open my whole
" heart, and then ſhall read thine. Shouldeſt
" thou perſiſt in refuſing the young Baron
" I have another propoſition to make,
" which, perhaps, may pleaſe thee better.
" It is to come and live with a brother, who
" loves thee, till thou ſhalt have made ano-
" ther choice. But, whatever thy deſign

" may

"may be, reſt aſſured thou haſt a friend "whoſe affection cannot be expreſſed.— "Adieu, dear and lovely Matilda, thou, I "feel, mayeſt yet heal the wounds of my "heart. Adieu, and think me ever the "moſt affectionate of brothers.

"EDMUND, Count of Walſtein."

With this letter he ſent another to his aunt, Madam de Zaſtrow, in which he told her that certain reaſons obliged him no more to think of the union of his ſiſter and his friend; and that, therefore, he ſhould be happy could ſhe be induced to favour the Baron de Zaſtrow; but he conjured her not to be precipitate, and by no means to uſe the leaſt violence. He further ſaid he ſhould ſoon come to Dreſden, and intreated his aunt not finally to diſpoſe of his ſiſter till his arrival.

END OF VOL. II.

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Montolieu, Isabelle (Polier)
Caroline of Lichtfield

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